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WEEKLY

TOLEDO BLADE

DO YOU WANT A GOLD WATCH?
See First Column on Fifth Page.

VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1892. NUMBER 48.

Poetry.

A LOST CHORD FOUND.

We stood alone in the choir loft,
By the organ tall and grim,
While over the keys her fingers
Followed their own sweet whim;
I spoke of the coming parting,
And plead one farewell kiss,
But her modest wish forbade me
Lest the sexton old might list.
Then I struck on the organ a strong, full chord,
And e'er its echoes died
In the twilight dim of the old gray church
I kissed my promised bride.

We stood again by the organ,
When many years had fled,
But me thought me grown cold and heartless
And I thought her old love dead.
I spoke of our last fond parting,
Of the chord and its tender tide,
And how like the sound of that music
Our love had throbbed and died.
Then my heart leaped up with a great, glad bound
And forgot its recent pain,
For she blushed, and, dropping her lashes, said:
"Could you find me that chord again?"
—Willard Holcomb.

THE OLD STONE DOUGHNUT JAR.

My thoughts will sometimes wander back
To things I loved in boyhood's days—
The pond beside the railroad track
Whereon I longing used to gaze,
Because forbidden there to swim;
But brighter far the memories are
Of what held goodness to its rim—
My mother's old stone doughnut jar!

There's many a time and many a place
My thoughts go back to lovingly,
And many a pretty girlish face
Is treasured in my memory;
Yet nothing takes me back so soon,
Or leads into the past so far,
Whether at morning, night or noon,
As thoughts of that stone doughnut jar.

It stood upon a lower shelf,
Was covered with a blue stone plate,
And always held a high estate,
Nor need to "pause to hesitate,"
What joy of joys! what untold bliss
It held not even time can mar!
Let come what may I'll still have this—
The memory of that doughnut jar.
—Good Housekeeping.

Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT SHADOW.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS.

And now I come to a bit of my story that clean takes my breath away as I think of it, and makes me wish that I had never taken the job of telling it in hand. For when I write I like things to come slow and orderly and in their turn—like sheep coming out of a paddock. So it was at West Inch; but now that we were drawn into a larger life, like wee bits of straw that float slowly down some lazy ditch until they suddenly find themselves in the dash and swirl of a great river, then it is very hard for me, with my simple words, to keep pace with it all. But you can find the cause and reason of everything in the books about history, and so I shall just leave that alone, and talk about what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears.

The regiment to which our friend had been appointed was the Seventy-first Highland Light Infantry, which were the red coat and the trews, and had its depot in Glasgow town. There we went, all three, by coach, the Major in great spirits and full of stories about the Duke and the full of stories about the Duke and the Peninsula, while Jim sat in the corner, with his lips set and his arms folded, and I knew that he killed De Lissac three times an hour in his heart. I could tell it by the sudden gleam of his eyes and grip of his hand. As to me, I did not know whether to be glad or sorry; for home is home, and it is a weary thing, however you may brazen it out, to feel that half Scotland is between you and your mother.

We came in Glasgow next day, and the Major took us down to the depot, where a soldier, with three stripes on his arm and a fistful of ribbons from his cap, showed us every tooth in his head at the sight of him, and walked three times round him, to have the view of him as if he had been Carlisle Castle. Then he came over to me, and felt my muscle, and was nigh as pleased as with Jim.

"These are the sort, Major; these are the sort," he kept saying. "With a thousand of these we could stand up to Boney's best."

"How do they run?" asked the Major.

"A poor show," said he, "but they may tek into shape. The best men have been drafted to America, and we are full of militiamen and recruities."

"That is it," said the Major. "We'll have old soldiers and good ones against us. Come to me if you need any help, you here and there, and he left us, and two." And so, with a nod, he left us, and we began to understand that a Major who is your officer is a very different person from a Major who happens to be your neighbor in the country.

Well, well, why should I trouble you with these things? I could wear out a good quill pen just writing about what we did, Jim and I, at the depot in Glasgow, and how we came to know our officers and our comrades, and how they began to know us. Soon came the news that the folk at Vienna, who had been cutting up Europe as if it had been a bigget of mutton, had flown back, each to his own country, and that every man and horse in their armies had their faces toward France.

We heard of great reviews and musterings in Paris, too, and then that Wellington was in the two countries, and that to us men and on the Prusslans would fall the first blow. The government was shipping men over to him as fast as they could, and every port along the east coast was choked with soldiers and horses and stores. On the third of June we had our marching orders also, and on the same day we took ship from Leith, reaching Ostend the night after. It was my first sight of a foreign land, and, indeed, most of my comrades were the same, for we were very young in the ranks. I can see the blue water now, and the curling surf-line, and the long, yellow beach, and queer windmills twisting and turning—a thing that a man would not see from one end of Scotland to the other. It was a clean, well-kept town, but the folk were underbred, and there was neither ale nor oat-meal cakes to be bought amongst them.

From there we went on to a place called Bruges, and from there to Ghent, where we picked up with the Fifty-second and Eighty-fifth, which were the two regiments that we were brigaded with. It's a wonderful place for churches and stone-work, is Ghent; and, indeed, of all the towns we were in, one by one, there was scarce one but had a finer kirk than any in Glasgow. From there we pushed on to Ath, which is a little village on a river, or a burn, rather, called the Dender. There we were quartered in the tents we had got in Glasgow town, and the whole brigade set to work at its drill from morning till evening. General Adams was our chief, and Rennell was our Colonel, and they were both fine old soldiers; but that full hearing into most was to think that we were under the Duke, for his name was like a bugle call. He was at Brussels with the bulk of the army, but we knew that we should see him quick enough if he were needed.

I had never seen so many English together, and, indeed, I had a kind of contempt for them, as I dare say most of the Irish and Welsh do, at a border. But the two regiments that were with us now were as good comrades as could be wished. The Fifty-second had a thousand men in the ranks, and many of them were old soldiers of the Peninsula among them. They came from Oxfordshire for the most part. The Ninety-fifth were a rifle regiment, and had dark-green coats instead of red. It was strange to see them shouting for sport, for they would put the ball in a greasy rag and then hammer it down with a mallet, but they could fire both farther and straighter than we. All that part of Belgium was covered with British troops at that time. The Guards were over near Enghien, and there were cavalry regiments on the farther side of us. You see, it was very necessary that Wellington should spread out all his forces, for Boney was behind him with his fortresses, and, of course, we had no means of saying on what side he might pop out, except that he was pretty sure to come the way that we least expected him. On the one side he might fall between us and the sea, and so cut us off from England; and on the other he might shove in between the Prussians and ourselves. But the Duke was as clever as he, for he had his horse and his light troops all round him, like a great spider's web, so that the moment a French foot stepped across the border he could close up all his men at the right place.

For myself, I was very happy at Ath, and I found the folks very kindly and homely. There was a farmer of the name of Bols, in whose fields we were quartered, who was a real good friend to many of us. We built him a wooden barn among us in our spare time, and many a time I and Jeb Seaton, my rear-rank man, have hung out his washing, for the smell of the wet linen seemed to take us straight home as nothing else could do. I have often wondered whether that good man and his wife are still living, though I think it hardly likely, for they were of a hale middle-age at the time. Jim would come with us too, sometimes, and would sit with us smoking in the big Flemish kitchen, but he was a different Jim now to the old one. He had always had a hard touch in him, but now his trouble seemed to have turned him to flint, and I never saw a smile upon his face, and seldom heard a word from his lips. His whole mind was set on revenging himself upon De Lissac for having taken Edie from him, and he would sit for hours with his chin upon his hands, glaring and frowning, all wrapped in the one idea. This made him a bit of a butt among the men at first, and they laughed at him for it; but when they came to know him better they found that he was not a good man to laugh at, and they dropped it.

We were early risers at that time, and the whole brigade was usually under arms at the first flush of dawn. One morning—it was the sixteenth of June—we had just formed up, and General Adams had ridden up to give some order to Colonel Reynell, within a musket-length of where I stood, when suddenly they both stood staring along the Brussels road. None of us dared move our heads, but every eye in the regiment was wheeled round, and there we saw an officer, with the cockade of a general's aide-de-camp, thundering down the road as hard as a great dapple-gray horse could carry him. He bent his face over its mane, and flogged at its neck with the slack of the bridle, as though he rode for

"STEADY, 71ST!"

very life. "Hullo, Rennell," says the general. "This begins to look like business. What do you make of it?" They both cantered their horses forward, and Adams tore open the despatch which the messenger handed to him. The envelope had not touched the ground before he turned, waving the letter over his head as if it had been a sabre.

"Dismiss!" he cried. "General parade and march in half an hour." Then, in an instant, all was buzz and bustle, and the news on every lip. Napoleon had crossed the frontier the day before, had pushed the Prussians before him, and was already deep in the country to the east of us, with a hundred and fifty thousand men. Away we scuttled to get our breakfast, and in an hour we had marched off and left Ath and the Dender behind us forever. There was good need for haste, for the Prussians had sent no news to Wellington of what was doing, and though he had rushed from Brussels at the first whisper of it, like a good old mastiff from its Kennel, it was hard to see how he was on to tell about the wonderful wounds that he had seen, until my blood ran like iced water in my veins, and you might have rubbed the color from my face with a rag. I should have been no whiter. "Ave, you'll look sickliер yet when you get a hatful of grape into your tripes," said he; and then, as I saw some of the old soldiers laughing, I began to understand that this man was trying to frighten us, so I began to laugh also, and the others as well., but it was not a very hearty laugh either.

The sun was almost above us when we stopped at a little place called Hal, where there is an old pump from which I drew and drank a shake full of water—and never did a mug of Scotch ale taste as sweet, for we had given all to here, and Vivian's hussars, three regiments of them, smart men with bonny brown horses, a treat to the eye. The noise of the cannons was louder than ever now, and it tingled through my nerves just as it had done years before when, with Edie by my side, I had seen the merchant ship fight with the privateers. It was so loud now that it seemed to me that the battle must be going on just beyond the nearest wood, but my friend, the sergeant, knew better. "It's twelve to fifteen miles off," said he. "You may be sure that the general knows that we are not wanted, or we should not be resting here at Hal."

What he said proved to be true, for a minute later down came the colonel with orders that we should stack arms and bivouac where we were, and there we stayed all day, while horse and foot and guns, English, Dutch and Hanoverians, were streaming through. The devil's music went on till evening, sometimes rising into a roar, sometimes sinking into a grumble, until about 8 o'clock in the evening it stopped altogether. We were eating our hearts out, as you may think, to know what it all meant, but we knew that what the duke did would be for the best, so we just waited in patience.

Next day the brigade remained at Hal in the morning, but about midday came an orderly from the duke, and we pushed on once more until we came to a little village called Braine something, and there we stopped, and time, too, for a sudden thunder storm came on, and a plump of rain that turned all the roads and fields into bog and mire. We got into the barns at this village for shelter, and there we found two stragglers, one from a kilted regiment and the other a man from the German Legion, who had a tale to tell that was as dreary as the weather.

Boney had thrashed the Prussians the day before, and our fellows had been sore put to it to hold their own against Ney, but had beaten him off at last. It seems an old stale story to you now, but you cannot think how we scrambled round those two men in the barn, and pushed and fought just to catch a word of what they said, and how those who had heard were in turn mobbed by those who had not. We laughed and cheered and groaned all in turn, as we were told how the Forty-fourth had received the cavalry in line, how the Dutch-Belgians had fled, and how the Black Watch had taken the lancers into their square, and then had killed them at their leisure. But the lancers had had the laugh on their side when they crumpled the Sixty-ninth and carried off one of the colors. To wind it all up, the duke was in retreat, in order to keep in touch with the Prussians, and it was rumored that he would take up his ground and fight a big battle just at the very place where we had been halted.

And soon we saw that this rumor was true, for the weather cleared toward evening, and we were all cut to the ridge to see what we could see. It was such a bonny stretch of corn and grazing land, with the crops just half green and half yellow, and fine rye as high as a man's shoulder. A sweet more full of peace you could not think of, and look where you would over the low, curving, corn-covered hills, you could see the little church steeples pricking up their spires among the poplars. But slashed right across this pretty picture was a long trail of marching men, some red, some green, some blue, some black, zigzagging over the plain and choking the roads, one end so close that we could shout to them as they stacked their muskets on the ridge at our left, and the other end lost among the woods as far ever. There was good need for haste, for the Prussians had sent no news to Wellington of what was doing, and though he had rushed from Brussels at the first whisper of it, like a good old mastiff from its Kennel, it was hard to see how he was on to tell about the wonderful wounds that he had seen, until my blood ran like iced water in my veins, and you might have rubbed the color from my face with a rag. I should have been no whiter. "Ave, you'll look sickliер yet when you get a hatful of grape into your tripes," said he; and then, as I saw some of the old soldiers laughing, I began to understand that this man was trying to frighten us, so I began to laugh also, and the others as well., but it was not a very hearty laugh either.

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but we caught up to the others, the officer first, for he was a very fat man who could not run fast. It gave me quite a turn when I saw Robert Stewart on my right stick his bayonet into the man's breast back and board him howl like a damned soul. There was no quarter in that field, and it was butt or point for all of them. The men's blood was aflame, and little wonder, for those wasps had been stinging all morning without our being able so much as to see them.

And now, as we broke through the other edge of the corn-field we got in front of the smoke, and there was the whole French army in position before us, with only two meadows and a narrow lane between us. We set up a yell as we saw them, and away we should have gone, slap at them, if we had been left to ourselves, for silly young soldiers never think that harm can come to them until it is there in their midst. But the duke had centered his horse beside us as we advanced, and now he roared something to the general, and the officers all rode in front of our line, holding out their arms for us to stop. There was a blowing of bugles, a pushing and a shoving, with the sergeants cursing and digging us with their halberts, and ling to what the soldiers, who had fought the French before, had to say about them. Then, when the infantry had formed into long, deep masses, their guns came whirling and bounding down the slope, and it was pretty to see how smartly they unlimbered, and were ready for action. And then, at a stately trot, down came the cavalry—thirty regiments at the least, with plume and breast plate, twinkling sword and fluttering lance—forming up at the flanks and rear in long, shifting, glimmering lines. "There's the cavalry," cried our old sergeant. "They're gluttons to fight, they are. And you see them regiments with the great high hats in the middle, a bit behind the rest? Them's the Scots-Greys—twenty thousand of them, my sons, and all picked men—gray-headed devils that have done nothing but fight since they were as high as my gaiters. They'ye three men to our two, and two guns to our one, and, by God! they'll make you recruits wish you were back in Argyle street before they have finished with you." He was not a cheering man, our sergeant, but then he had been in every fight since Corunna, and had a medal with seven clasps upon his breast, so that he had a right to talk in his own fashion.

When the Frenchmen had arranged themselves just out of cannon-shot we saw a small group of horsemen, all in a blaze with silver and scarlet and gold, ride swiftly between the divisions; and as they went a roar of cheering burst out from either side of them, and we could see arms outstretched to them and hands waving. An instant later the noise had died away, and the two armies stood facing each other in absolute deadly silence—a sight which often comes back to me in my dreams. Then of a sudden there was a lurch among the men just in front of us, a thin column moved off from the dense blue clump, and came swinging up toward the farmhouse which lay below us. It had not taken 50 paces before a gun banged out from an English battery on our left, and the battle of Waterloo had begun.

It is not for me to tell you the story of that battle, and indeed I should have kept far enough away from such a thing had it not happened that our own fates—those of the three simple folk who came from the border country—were all just as much mixed up in it as those of any king or emperor of them all. To tell the honest truth, I have learned more about that battle from what I have read than from what I saw, for how much could I see with a comrade on either side, and a great white cloth blank at the very end of my fire-lock? It was from books and the talk of the others that I learned how the heavy cavalry charged, how they rode over five famous cuirassiers, and how they were cut to pieces before they could get back. From them, too, I learned all about the successive assaults, and how the Belgians fled, and how Pack and Kempt stood firm. But of my own knowledge I can only speak of what we saw during that long day in the rifts of the smoke, and it's just of that that I will tell you.

We were on the right of the line, and in reserve, for the Duke was afraid that Boney might work around on that side and get at him from behind, so our brigade, with another, British brigade, and the Hanoverians, were placed there ready for anything. There were two brigades of light cavalry, too, and the French guns could not see us from the front as it was late in the day before we were really wanted.

The English battery which fired the first gun was all ranging away on our left, and the German one was hard at work upon our right, so that we were rapped around with a smoke, but we were not so hidden as to cut us off from the view of Frenchmen came back across our front, shouting at us and waving like mad, which helped to keep Simson and me to the hilts. This they did to draw our fire, but the colonel was too old a soldier, for we could have done little harm at the distance, and they would have been among us before we would reload.

Those horsemen got behind the ridge on our right again, and we knew very well that if we opened up from the front they would be down upon us in a twinkle. On the other hand, it was hard to bide as we were, for they had passed the word to a battery of twelve guns which formed up a few hundred yards on from us, but out of our sight, sending their balls just over the brow and down into the midst of us, which is called a plunging fire. And one of their gunners must have the top of his bloke and had stuck a hand-pike into the wet earth to give them a guide, under the very muzzles of the whole brigade, none of whom fired a shot at him, much to our disgust, but the other. Ensign Samson, who was the youngest subaltern in the regiment, ran out from the square and pulled down the handspike, but quick as a flash after us, and he made such a thrust from behind that not only his point but his pennon, too, came out between the second and third buttons of the lad's tunic. "Hold! Helen!" he shouted, and fell dead on his face, while the lancer, blown half to pieces with musket balls, toppled over beside him. Holding on to his weapon, as that they lay together with that dreadful bond still connecting them.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A "PEA-TATO."

An Agricultural Experiment in Alabama's Clime.

"I'll tell you of a queer experiment a neighbor of mine made with a pea and a potato," said James A. Hegler, of Sunny South, Ala., who is stopping at the Tremont.

"Simpson isn't a farmer nor a horticulturist, nor yet a 'grafter.' He works in a small foundry in our town and is a core-maker by trade. That fellow is always scheming around with one thing and another, trying to invent something. I was looking over his garden fence one day last spring, while Simpson was planting potatoes, and he came up to where I was standing, holding a potato in his hand.

"'See this potato,' he said.

"I said 'Yes.'

"'Well,' said he, 'I'm going to get a pea and force it into the heart of this potato. Then we will watch it and see how it comes up.'

"He took a pea out of his pocket, pushed a hole into the potato with his lead pencil and then pushed the pea into the center. Then he took the potato to the center of the garden and planted it. For months I visited that potato. For months I visited that potato. It came up a most remarkable plant, I can hardly describe it to you. It was a commingling of the two, with the potato dominating the pea. The potato plant took root, and from the bottom of it grew a big German looked like two coals and his face thrust over my shoulder.

"'That's he, Jock,' he whispered.

"'Yes, that's Boney,' said I.

"'No, no! It's he. This DeLapp or De Lissac, or whatever his devil's name is. It is he.'

Then I saw him at once. It was the horseman with the high red feather in his hat. Even at that distance I could have sworn to the slope of his shoulders, and the way he carried his head. I clapped my hand upon Jim's wrist, and could see that his blood was boiling at the sight of the man and that he was ready for any madness. But at that moment Bonaparte seemed to lean over and say something to De Lissac, for the party wheeled and dashed away, while there came the bang of a gun and a white spray of smoke from a battery along the ridge. At the same instant the assembly was blown in our village, and we rushed for our arms and fell in. There was a burst of firing all along the line, and we thought that the battle had begun, but it came really from our fellows exulting their pieces for their priming was in some danger of being wet from the damp night. From where we stood it was a sight now that was worth coming over the sea to see. On our own ridge was the checker of red and blue, stretching right away to a village more than two miles from us. It was whispered from rank to man in the ranks, however, that there was too much of the blue and too little of the red, for the Belgians had shown on the day before that their hearts were too soft for the work, and we had twenty thousand of them for comrades. Then even our British troops were half made up of militiamen and recruits, for the pick of the old Peninsula regiments were on the ocean in transhalf of them got away.

Our Serial Story.

CHAPTER I.

"The Silver Bottle" was a curious little restaurant, well remembered by old New Yorkers, that stood at the end of an alley on Fourteenth street snugged in between two high buildings. Its funnel roof and chimney, its rounded front and glittering sheath of tin gave it an outward semblance well suited to its name. When the coals were aglow in its open range of a winter's night and mine host stood, cheery faced, in his big white apron, turning the hissing chops or pouring water from its simmering kettle, there was no cosier retreat in Gotham. And, oh my friend, Bob Champney, was a goodly host, whose salt once taken preserved his memory forever and kept one sacred in his sight. He was an Englishman, with a big round belly and a kindly soul, a ready wit, sharpened by much travel, and that all embracing certainty of knowledge with which the people of his race have been blessed of heaven so highly. Indeed, there was nothing in the wide world regarding which he could not give prompt and accurate information. Had one a pain in the stomach, a headache or even a heartache, he knew the one thing that would give immediate relief. He carried in his pocket a little case of surgical instruments, which had had their baptism of human blood and which now served only to adorn his tales. Indeed, he was a man who loved the gleam of steel and who could put it to nobler uses than the slashing of beef. In the broiling of steaks and the cooking of rarebits he was an artist of infallible skill. Now and then some party of gentlemen coming there for meat and drink after the theater would induce him to trust his gridiron in other hands and join them at the big, round table. Once his tongue was loosed the Bottle roared with laughter and talked all night. His shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, his ruddy, fat face sitting on his shoulders like a big stewpot warmed by the fires of imagination, Bob Champney could hold his auditors so long as he could hold a glass.

One evening in November 1872, the Silver Bottle was quite deserted. It was raining, and such nights there was but little call upon its hospitality. Two late guests sat at the tables. One of them was a fair haired, stalwart young fellow, with a boyish, beardless face. The other sat opposite him at the same table. His large features showed the wear of more than three score years. His head was quite bald upon the top, and his fringe of dark hair, ending in mutton chop whiskers on either side of the face, was liberally streaked with gray. His dress was almost shabby, but in spite of that one would have set him down a gentleman. When the chops were served Mine Host Champney came over and sat down beside the young man.

"Mr. Fanning," said he, "I 'ope yer not dead to the world. Y' don't look well. Ave a mug o' ale or a slp o' Scotch whisky, 'ot?"

"No, thanks. Do you think that sorrow is like a rat in a hole, to be drowned out with drinking?" said Burton Fanning—for that was the young man's name. "Just sit here and talk to me a while—give me a little of the wine of recollection and I'll be content."

"You've a great power o' gab," said Bob Champney, "for I've been a bit o' a dominey or somethin' o' that sort. 'Ere's a man can talk y' to a standstill, Mr. Fanning. I've the honor to make y' acquainted wi' Mr. Groverman, a hartist who can draw a mug quicker'n I can draw a mug o' ale."

The old gentleman bowed soberly and with dignified remark shook the hand that was proffered him.

"You will find me dull company this evening," said the latter. "I'm in low spirits. This afternoon I had the misfortune to provoke a woman's anger. She applied to me epithets which I thought was the vilest epithet in her vocabulary—called me 'a miserable beggar.' Now, I'm not a beggar, but there's something in a woman's wrath that would make a saint miserable."

"She was probably some purse proud ignoramus," Mr. Groverman remarked. "But to be a beggar in a country is almost a proud distinction, sir. Rich men are so common here and so often vulgar and sordid. The most infamous thing in the world is a rich man's selfishness, increased with his wealth. He is a beggar-making machine."

"'E's wrong in 'is 'ead," mine host remarked, smiling at Burton. "'E gives a way 'is money to every bloody beggar 'at 'e 'ires for a clark. I 'ad a chap 'ere by the name o' Recker as took to drink 'n' lost his place. First I knew Groverman 'ad 'im for a clark. But 'pon me word 'e was crawlin' below the table time."

The dull, deep-set blue eyes of the old gentleman brightened with indignation.

"It's not pleasant for a gentleman to associate with a vulgar sot," said he, "but if the sot is utterly cast out what hope is there for him? However low he may be, the mere fact that he is living in my sight should enlist my sympathy. Now, if I feel it my duty to help him, what am I to do? Shall I throw alms to him out of my window and bid him quit my sight? Is it right for me to pay for his dying my alms I would rob him of his self-respect. I prefer to give him employment and such pay as my limited means will allow."

"'E's allus tinkerin' wi' broken 'arts an' trvin' to mend 'em," said mine host, winking knowingly at the young man. "If 'e was born rich, 'ed 'ave lost 'is fortune 'e didn't become one o' 'is rich feelin's. If a man could get rid o' wat's born 'n 'is 'art as soon as 'e loses wat's born 'n 'is pocket 'e'd be better off."

Bob Champney had finished this wise remark the door of the Bottle was opened quickly and a tall man in a long, black cape coat, the collar turned up around the ears, entered. He walked with a quick, stealthy stride to one of the tables, and, seating himself, pulled down his slouch hat close upon his eyes. Mine host rose directly and sent a waiter to the new guest. In a moment he of fishy aspect came to the table.

"A chop and some ale," said the man in a savage, guttural tone as the waiter approached him. "Be quick, be quick," he added impatiently as the waiter lingered.

He came forward, his elbows resting upon the table while he waited. When his supper was served he ate quickly as with ravening hunger. In the moments of fishing from the two, with the potato dominating the pea. The potato plant took root. The flower of the plant was not the ordinary cream yellow of the potato. It was a mixture of the same shape as the daisy, with white yellow and pink petals of a very pale hue. The fruit of the plant was much like the ordinary potato, only it was much smaller, but with a skin of cream color. It did not taste much different from the ordinary potato, although there was just a smack of pea soup about it. The plant flourished well enough and did not require much care. Simpson says that next year he will plant several rows in that manner, as he seems to prefer the new kind to the old. I rather think that the new plant is a good one, although some other vegetable might do better."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Was in a Hurry.

She (waiting in the hall)—"Did you see father, George?"

He (excitedly)—"I did—but I must go. Good by."

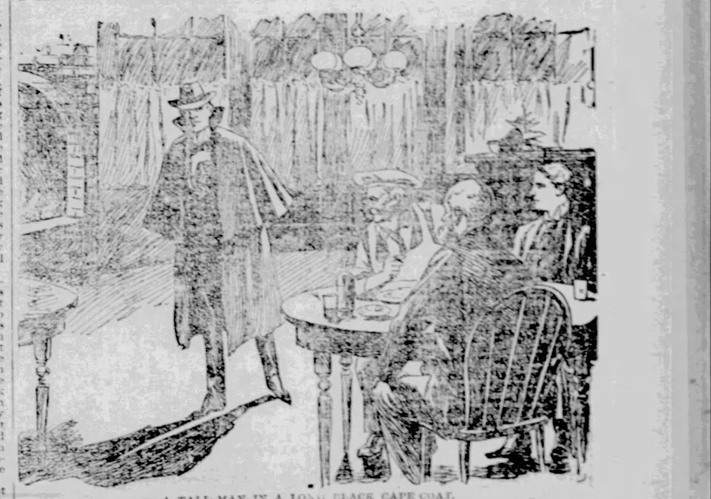
She—"What's the matter? Stop and tell me all. You asked him for my hand. What did he say?"

He (taking out his watch and glancing at it)—"He gave me just two minutes to get out of the house."—New York Press.

Doubtful.

Maud—"He was really hopelessly in love with me. When he proposed he declared that if I did not marry him he would commit suicide."

Marie—"How perfectly dreadful! But do you suppose your marrying him will really save him from it?"—New York Herald.



A TALL MAN IN A LONG BLACK CAPE COAT.

light looked red and bloated. There were also in the room a narrow bed, three or four rickety chairs and a plain table covered with periodicals and the rubbish of an artist's workshop. Great heaps of books and magazines lay in confusion upon the floor.

"My head is like a hen's nest," said Mr. Groverman as he emptied some cool water from the fire in the little stove. "I must keep warm or I won't produce anything."

"You seem very much preoccupied, Mr. Fanning," he continued, sitting down beside his guest. "Are you ill?"

"If I look badly it is because I am a little worried," said the young man.

"Ah, I thought so. Your eyes look dull and worry worn—they're good Scotch eyes, too, and sorrow shouldn't harness them. Have you friends in New York?"

"No, sir; I live by myself in a small room on Clinton place."

"Better stay with me, then, awhile if you can be content in such humble quarters. I've known many a man to jump into the East river who looked more cheerful than you do. Have a drink? No? Will you pardon me then if I drink alone?"

The old gentleman poured a half tumbler of liquor from a bottle that sat upon the windowsill and drank it eagerly.

"Forgive me if I show too much interest in your private affairs. I, too, have had trouble, and I like to talk with a man who knows the taste of it. Chamney calls me a tinker of hearts—an occupation fit for a fool, I suppose, since there's no money in it. Do you see that poor devil lying on my sofa? He used to scrub out my chores over at the Bottle. Got to drinking and carousing and presently lost his job. It was the old story of from bad to worse. The other day I met him in the street and he asked me to help him. 'Well,' said I, 'the best I can do is to offer you a dollar a day to come and arrange my papers.' The fellow is intolerably lazy and does nothing but eat, sleep and swallow my liquor. I have no self-respect in him, and he's a poor clerk for any one but the devil himself."

The old gentleman took another draught from the bottle and began smoking a pipe. He had drunk heavily before reaching his room, and was now rather unsteady in his movements.

"Now let me show you my portrait of O'Darrow," he continued, removing a great heap of papers from the table. "That rascal ought to have had these pictures properly arranged by this time. After a moment's searching he drew from the pile a large sheet of Bristol board and held it off so that the light of the candles shone fairly upon the portrait it contained. The old artist gazed upon the young friend looked with silent admiration upon the face in the picture. Its big, black eyes were set under a brow that was admirably full, and its skin was so white that the nose and mouth seemed to have been nicely chiselled out of marble; the face was oval, and would have been perfect in contour but for a deep scar across the left cheek and a chin not quite prominent enough to complete the forceful outline that nature had designed for it. The hair, dark and almost silken in its appearance, was cut short and brushed carelessly back from a cheerful face. Heavy, black eyebrows were deep lines across the broad forehead and about the eyes suggesting storminess. It was the face of a man not above forty years of age, but some of those years must have worn terribly upon his heart.

"I say, Tinker, I know de gent. I've gone home wid him when he was dead full."

The voice came from the sofa, whose occupant had awoke from his slumbers and now sat blinking and looking at the portrait which the old gentleman held in his hand.

"I would thank you not to address me with such familiarity," said the latter, in a resentful and dignified tone.

"'Scuse me," said the man addressed. "I didn't know ye had put Mike in company. I don't want to intrude nobody's feelin's. I was goin' to tell ye how I come near bein' arrested for de murder of me own wife. 'Twar a close shave, I tell ye. I'll tell ye de hull story if ye want."

"Do you know this man?" said Mr. Groverman, holding the portrait up to the light again. "But it is strange that his assistant has been kept secret so long. Ah, probably the police have their reasons. Your part in the affair was not highly creditable, Recker. If O'Darrow had died there could have hung you for his murder."

"Dat's wot I t'ought, Tinker, an' so I jes' shook de town," said Mr. Recker with a smart twinkle in his eyes.

"You are an ass, Recker, and the less you talk about this the better for you."

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said the old gentleman. "O'Darrow is a strange man," he continued, addressing Burton, who had taken no part in the conversation. "They say he is grim and a great deal of a cynic. He was a wild youth—quarreled with his father and became a social outcast among his friends in England. You look as if you needed sleep, sir; won't you lie down and rest awhile?"

"I thank you," said Burton, rising. "I must go to my own room."

"Very well; let me walk home with you, then," said the old gentleman, "for I have a care for late hours; I am used to them."

Recker had fallen fast asleep again before they started out, and as they walked on in silence the night of early dawn began to break in over the housetops.

CHAPTER II.

Burton Fanning had come to New York fresh from college and a rural home. He had brought with him many wise plans, but plans must yield to conditions, and there's no telling what will happen to a young man. The resistless forces that govern fate fought with him at the very outset of his career will haze him crudely if he shows too much conceit. "Look here, my young Master of Arts, they will say when they get him in a tight corner, "let us see how you behave in the matter of situations." To one they'll give him a thorough drubbing after which he will feel worse than the poor freshman who has received a cool cut direct from the belle of the ball. If they don't make an incurable fool of him. Young Mr. Fanning had been roughly handled this first year of his life in New York, but he kept a stout heart and a cheerful face. He still had many wise ideas that were more fashionable among his ancestors than among his associates. She held, for instance, that in the matter of marriage the one to be suited was herself. She had received offers from a number of gentlemen, any one of whom would have been acceptable to her parents. But in spite of their devotion and the solicitous urging of her mamma, Helen Crouch was not yet even engaged. There

I shut me peeps 'n got down to me knittin'. All t' once I t'ought dey war somethin' poundin' me ears an' woke up wid a jump. I heerd somebody talkin' wid de gent 'n dodder room. I'm a light sleeper, but I couldn't see me light burnin'. 'Twar all dark. Of a suddint I heered him jump out o' bed. 'Pon me word, some cove 'd bust inter de house an' was tryin' t' kill de gent.

"'Keep away f'm me,' says de gent 'n a voice dat made de house trimmel, and den he let a lot o' cuss words out o' him dat made me hair stan'. An' purty soon I could hear 'em tusslin' on de carpet. An' of all de kickin' 'n poundin' 'n squabblin' 't I ever heered dat war de wust. First one war on top an' den de odder. 'n de chairs 'n tables flew 'roun' like fur 'n a cat fight. 'N purty soon dey quit fightin', 'n I could hear de gent breadin' like 'nf he war winded. De bloke has done him up an' sneaked outer de house, says I to myself."

"Who didn't you go and help him?" Mr. Groverman demanded, interrupting the speaker.

"Say, I wouldn't a got muxed up 'n dat squabble fer all de gold 'at 'd slide down hill in January. No, no, Tinker; I wa'n't takin' no chances. I didn't want no fightin' in de dark, so I lay quiet 'n took me comfort. Soon 's daylight come I sneaked out o' bed wid de popgun 'n me hat an' pecked behin' de cyrt'n. Holy Muddert what a sight! Chairs 'n tables 'n bricky brac a scattered 'roun', 'n th' ole gent layin' on th' middle o' th' floor all covered wid blood. I t'ought he'd croaked sure, 'n I slipped on me duds 'n made tracks for de street. I'd had enough o' wistitin' wi' dis bone, 'n I went down t' de Bowery and trew all de whisky down me neck dat Jake Humper 'd sell me. Wall, I never knew nut'n 'till I woke up in de corner o' me room. I'd been dreamin' all de time."

"Now let me show you my portrait of O'Darrow," he continued, removing a great heap of papers from the table. "That rascal ought to have had these pictures properly arranged by this time." After a moment's searching he drew from the pile a large sheet of Bristol board and held it off so that the light of the candles shone fairly upon the portrait it contained. The old artist gazed upon the face in the picture. Its big, black eyes were set under a brow that was admirably full, and its skin was so white that the nose and mouth seemed to have been nicely chiselled out of marble; the face was oval, and would have been perfect in contour but for a deep scar across the left cheek and a chin not quite prominent enough to complete the forceful outline that nature had designed for it. The hair, dark and almost silken in its appearance, was cut short and brushed carelessly back from a cheerful face. Heavy, black eyebrows were deep lines across the broad forehead and about the eyes suggesting storminess. It was the face of a man not above forty years of age, but some of those years must have worn terribly upon his heart.

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was young Mr. Pendleton Scaggs, whose father was many times a millionaire. He had a very representative suitor. Sweet voiced, slim legged and generally fragile, no amount of money could bridge the gap between this young man and Helen Crouch's ideal. She was a full-blooded, well-grown young miss, and her big, dark eyes had the gleam of indignant scorn when her mamma recommended Mr. Scaggs. The big Baron de Bonsilene, who had also offered himself, was a man more to her liking, although well on toward fifty years of age

When Helen Crouch came in upon her father's arm Mr. Fanning thought he had never seen so beautiful a woman. It was no doll face he looked upon. Although its features were nicely cut, the expression of her face was a bit too serious at times to become a lady of fashion; but what it lost on this account it gained in dignity and sincerity. She hated sham and dissimulation, and found all too much of it in fashionable life. She enjoyed above all things taking charge of the housekeeping when her mother was away, and the colonel depended largely upon her clever management. Helen liked young Mr. Fanning at first sight and made him feel quite at home. He came very near her stalwart ideal of manhood, and, indeed, a handsomer young man had never sat at the

O'DARROW CAME HURRYING DOWN.

colonel's table. His tall, erect form and Herculean shoulders were quite in keeping with his deep voice and unaffected manner of speech. When he was about to leave the house Helen Crouch gave him her hand and remarked laughingly that she hoped he would have occasion to interview her father again.

"I may wish to get your ideas," he said. "I will talk quite freely if you will agree not to publish it," she replied.

Burton was sent to see the colonel again, but found him busy.

"My daughter will entertain you for a few moments," said Colonel Crouch. "I will be with you presently."

When, after an hour, the colonel came into the drawing room, he found the young couple chatting together and not at all impatient of delay.

"Ah, ha!" he thought, "I don't know but the young rascals are getting a little too well acquainted." He could see no danger of serious consequences, however, and no occasion to shut the young fellow out of his home.

Outside of business Colonel Crouch had very little shrewdness and needed watching. He was, indeed, a bit too honest in suiting his actions to his impulses. He often remarked that the shams and deceptions of fashionable life reminded him of forgery and worthless checks and speeches of trust. Polite society was a bore to him, and his wife, who had got to be a social favorite, only kept him in line by scourging him with threats and invectives. When she was away he enjoyed the glorious privilege of doing as he pleased. He had learned to respect Burton Fanning and welcomed him at his home with sincere delight. And why should he not? The young man was a gentleman in one, too, who had learned the secret of mixing talk and silence in just the proportions to make agreeable companionship. Burton dined frequently with his new made friends, and when Colonel Crouch went into a neighboring state to address the voters he was invited to accompany him and report the trip. Helen and her maid went with them, and while Colonel Crouch was engaged with politics the protection of his daughter fell naturally to the young man.

On Mrs. Crouch's return there was a great tempest in the family, to which the portly form of her husband was uncomfortably exposed.

"I am astonished," said the indignant lady, "that you invited a low, beggarly Bohemian to come here and meet our daughter. It's a mercy you didn't turn the house into a bar-room."

"I am a man of business, madam," the colonel remarked somewhat warmly. "I had to repay his kindness, and being assured he was a gentleman, we could see no harm in having him dine with us."

"You could see no harm in it!" Mrs. Crouch exclaimed, stamping her foot sharply. "Just look at your daughter. She does nothing but mope in the house and talk about that reporter—a poor penny-a-liner, if you please, whom she has indebted to her for a meeting. The love sick ninny! She has had the impudence to tell me that he is just her ideal."

Mrs. Crouch pronounced these words with a provoking sneer accompanied by appropriate grimaces.

"Then stay at home, madam, and manage the house yourself," said Colonel Crouch as he left the room and hurried away to his club.

Immediately after this second visit to the colonel's house Burton Fanning made an important discovery in his own heart. His mind took wings and went soaring into a new empyrean and left the manner part of him to struggle vainly with the tasks of life. The next time he called at the home of the Crouches he was bent upon quite a new sort of business. The butler took his card up stairs and shortly returned to say in a frigid tone that "the young lady was not at 'ome, sir, and would not be 'ome for some time, sir." There was a new Helen Crouch. It indicated that he was no longer welcome at the colonel's house. Smarting with this suspicion he went at once to his room and wrote the following letter:

"Dear Miss Crouch:—I wonder if you really wished me to call again when you invited me to do so, or was it a mere form of politeness? please let me know if I may come to see you and be welcome in your father's house. You will be a great kindness to me if you speak frankly, whatever your answer may be. Permit me to say that it will give me great pleasure to come—that is the least I can say of it and the most that it would be proper for me to say at present. Your father will know of whom to inquire regarding my character. I think he will find that the only bad thing about me is the fact that I am a poor man. I shall call to-morrow night with much anxiety, and am sincerely yours,

"BURTON FANNING."

Next day Burton received the following reply to his note:

"Dear Mr. Fanning:—I hardly know how to answer your welcome letter. I am not dealing in flights words when I say that it would give me great pleasure to know you better. You would best ask my father at once if you may come and visit us. I fear that you may not find his answer favorable, but we must abide by it, unless something happens to change his mind. With kind wishes, believe me, your friend,

"HELEN CROUCH."

The young man had not expected a reply so prompt and favorable. He wrote immediately to Colonel Crouch that he would be glad of an early opportunity to speak with him on a personal matter. The colonel's reply was decidedly brief and formal. It said simply: "Mr. Fairweather Crouch will be pleased to see Mr. Fanning at the house of the former on Tuesday evening of next week, at eight o'clock."

The young man was disheartened by the curtness of this note. Its tone suggested opposition. When the hour of his appointment came, however, he did not shrink from the performance of his part. Mr. and Mrs. Crouch met him in the library. The chilliness of his reception quite unhorsed him.

"You have just returned from Lenox, I believe," he said, addressing Mrs. Crouch.

She nodded coolly.

"It is another matter regarding which you wish to see us—is it not, Mr. Fanning?" the lady inquired.

"If Mr. Fanning" he rejoined in a dignified tone, "The subject relates to your daughter and to myself."

Burton hesitated.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady as she looked significantly at her husband, who sat twirling his watch chain with an air of fear and dejection. "Pray tell us what it is."

"I entertain a very serious regard for her," said he, "and I have come to ask you if I may meet her here in your home on terms of equality—nothing more."

"Then I can spare you any further words," said Mrs. Crouch. "A marriage, sir, between my daughter and you would be impossible."

"May I ask you to tell me why?" said Burton in a voice that trembled with emotion.

"She cannot marry a beggar."

Mrs. Crouch arose as she spoke and confronted him with hadtaful eyes.

"Agnes," said the Colonel, calmly, "please be seated. There is no occasion for hard words. Pardon her, Mr. Fanning; she spoke hastily. We both entertain the highest regard for you, but my daughter would make a poor wife for a poor man. I hope you will dismiss the subject from your mind at once. We simply cannot grant your request."

"As Mr. Fanning is a friend of yours I will leave you to discuss this matter with him," said the lady, addressing her husband with provoking irony as she left the room.

Burton arose from his chair.

"I have nothing further to say," said he, nervously brushing his hat. "I did not hope for a favorable reply. But I do not expect to be poor always, Colonel Crouch, and I thought you might offer me some slight encouragement."

"I am sorry that your visits here have resulted so seriously," said the Colonel, extending his hand. "But you will soon forget all about it, my boy. Good night."

And Burton passed out upon the street, feeling sadly alone in the world. "You will soon forget all about it." He repeated the idle words to himself in a half choked whisper and laughed grimly, while his very soul was smarting and the tears stood in his eyes. The insulting assumption of superiority with which his overtures had been received hurt him past all remedy. He was thoroughly angry and in this there was the relish of salvation for him. If one's grief is only mixed with indignation it will never do him any harm. When he sat down to eat in the Silver Bottle he felt hopelessly bankrupt and would have traded half his life for a Fortunatus' purse. But after he left Mr. Groverman's garret he felt better. He knew that men had grown suddenly famous in his profession by some fortunate discovery in the maze of circumstance surrounding the events of daily life. Might he not hope that good luck would soon favor him? Reeker's story had appealed strongly to his imagination. The man O'Darrow was to him a strangely interesting character. The face that Mr. Groverman had drawn and the tall figure clad in black which he had seen at the Silver Bottle haunted his dreams. He determined, if possible, to fathom the mystery of O'Darrow's friendless, hermit life. There could be no impertinence, he thought, in seeking out all facts of public concern regarding the attempt upon his life described by Reeker. Within a week he called one evening at Mr. Groverman's.

"I came to talk with you a little more about Mr. Darrow," said Burton. "Do you know the gentleman?"

"I knew him slightly when we were boys. Our fathers had adjoining estates in Warwickshire, England. But I would not think of speaking to him now. He has prospered and I—well I'm not a millionaire. O'Darrow is a hard man, sir, and as likely to curse you as not for asking him a civil question. The portrait I showed you was made from a photograph for a weekly paper nearly ten years ago."

"I wonder if he would tell the story of that midnight assault?"

"Possibly; although I think the man abhors any kind of publicity. Let me see —perhaps I could get you a letter to him."

"I would be greatly obliged for the favor," said Burton.

"I'm glad of the chance to serve you. Look in upon me to-morrow about it."

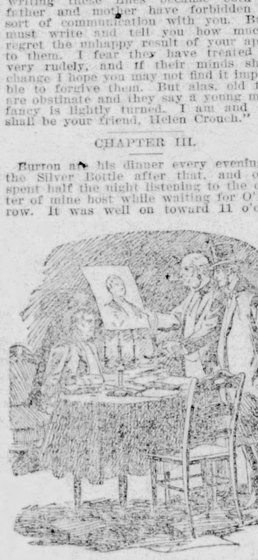
When Burton called next afternoon he found the letter waiting for him which Mr. Groverman had promised.

"This letter is written by a lawyer who has some business for O'Darrow," said the old gentleman, as he handed the missive to Burton. "He hesitated about writing it; said he did not know him well and was afraid to admit treat you unkindly. I assured him that we would take our risk of that. O'Darrow comes to the Silver Bottle of an evening now and then; perhaps you had better watch your opportunity of meeting him there."

At his lodgings that evening the young man found another letter of even greater interest to him. "Dear Mr. Fanning," it said, "I am very guilty indeed while writing these lines because both my father and mother have forbidden any sort of communication with you. But I must write and tell you that your appeal to me was an unhappy result of your appeal to them. I fear they have treated you very rudely, and if their minds should change I hope you may not find it necessary to forgive them. But the old folks are obstinate and they say a young man's fancy is lightly turned. I am and ever shall be your friend, Helen Crouch."

CHAPTER III.

Burton ate his dinner every evening at the Silver Bottle after that, and often spent half the night listening to the chatter of mine host while waiting for O'Darrow. It was well on toward 11 o'clock



"THE LIGHT OF THE CANDLES SHONE FAIRLY ON THE PORTRAIT IT CONTAINED."

one rainy evening, more than a week after he got the introduction, when his patience was at last rewarded. Burton sat over his coffee looking out of the front window of the little hotel. The theaters were not yet closed and only two or three belated shopmen had come in since 9 o'clock. Suddenly he saw the tall, erect figure of O'Darrow come hurrying down the alley. It stopped a moment in the broad beam of light that shot out of the windows and stood on tiptoe trying to catch a glimpse of the scene within. Then the strange hermit came in and sat down at one of the tables. He carried no umbrella, and his slouch hat and black cape coat were dripping. He seized a piece of bread and ate it eagerly, while he gave his order in the same querulous tone that Burton had noted before. It suggested the growl of a dog interrupted in his eating. Annoyed by the water that kept dripping from his hat he suddenly threw it upon the floor beside him. O'Darrow's face still resembled closely the portrait that Mr. Groverman had shown, but it was thinner and more deeply furrowed. The scar showed clearly across his temple from the cavity over the left eye back to the crest of snow-white hair. Now that the man was close at hand Burton hesitated to approach him. But he desired more than ever to learn the story of O'Darrow's life. His work as a reporter had brought him into contact with many strange characters and it had been his duty to chronicle much of romance and mystery in the affairs of men. Of all things the study of men was to him most interesting. He entertained small hope of getting anything for publication from the man who sat at the next table, but after waiting long enough to let him eat he determined to make the effort. Without further delay he drew the letter from his pocket and stepped to O'Darrow's side.

"My God, sir," said the latter, turning suddenly and shrinking back before Burton had spoken to him—"My God, sir, what do you want?" He spoke like one in anger.

"Pardon me if I startled you," said Burton. "May I ask if this is Sir George O'Darrow?"

"It is, sir," was the sharp response, and before Burton could answer he added, "Tell me what you want, and be quick."

"I have a note of introduction."

O'Darrow took the letter and tore it open with trembling hands.

"Damn him!" he muttered under his breath, glancing at the short note as soon as he glanced at it. "Well, tell me what you want. Don't keep me waiting."

He spoke hurriedly and with great irritation.

"I am a reporter, and I come to you because it is said that you were assaulted by a burglar some time ago and were seriously injured."

"A newspaper man. Let me alone; that's all I have to say."

"I would not have spoken to you but that there is a man whom I suspect of being the guilty party," said Burton.

O'Darrow turned about and looked squarely into Burton's face for the first time. His brows were contracted and his black eyes looked fierce and threatening.

"Poor fool! Go talk with your hero about it," he muttered, after a moment's hesitation. "If you will bother me come to my house."

"I don't wish to bother you," said Burton, "but"—

"Come to my house. I'll see you, I say; that's enough."

"At what hour?"

"At any hour. Go with me if you like, only stop talking to me."

Burton returned to his table and waited until O'Darrow had eaten his chop and swallowed his mug of ale. He had not long to wait, for the strange man ate and drank hurriedly and rose from the table as soon as he had finished. At 11 o'clock they left the Silver Bottle, Burton following closely in the wake of O'Darrow. They walked along at a sharp pace without exchanging a word, and presently turned in upon the great mansion of white marble which Burton had seen many times before. The light streaming dimly reached from the neighboring houses just off Fifth avenue. Long shades of gold and brown were always drawn behind the great panes and there was never a light or a face at its windows to welcome the comer. O'Darrow hurried across the terrace and down the carriage drive quite thickly overgrown with weeds to a side door. He thrust a key into the lock which grated harshly as he turned it and then the massive door swung open.

"Come inside," said he sternly, stepping forward and striking a match with which he lighted one of the gas jets in a chandelier.

"Sit here and wait a moment," he continued as his companion entered the room. Burton did as he was directed, and O'Darrow left him alone without further remark. He sat waiting until he heard a man's shout echoing through the silent house, when he went to the door through which O'Darrow had gone and listened.

"Come up. Do you hear me? Come up, I say." The words came floating down the great dark hall, into which he was looking, from the top of the house.

"Yes," he answered, and felt his way through the darkness to the stairway, up which he proceeded as rapidly as possible.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Useless Hint.

Brassy—I saw — lately that I enjoyed last night.

Fender—Where?

Brassy—At the theater. A woman with a big hat came too late to get a seat and had to stand at the back without any one behind her.—New York Herald.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to Be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Old Ways and New." Under this title the Century company, New York, has gathered into an attractive volume of 200 pages a number of stories by the popular magazine writer, Viola Roseboro'. Although Miss Roseboro' has been a frequent contributor to the magazines for several years past, the present volume is the first permanent collection of her writings that has been made.

"A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals," by J. G. Francis. This is a book of nonsense verse and funny pictures collected from St. Nicholas and other periodicals, by the Century company, New York, to which the author has added much new material.

"Some Strange Corners of Our Country," by Charles F. Lummis, author of "A Tramp Across the Continent," is a book for young folks describing some of the out-of-the-way wonders of the West. Published by the Century company, New York.

"Crow's Nest and Behaven Tales," a collection of stories by Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs," etc. This volume, published by the Century company, contains some of the best of Mrs. Harrison's shorter pieces.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have published a handsome green and gold volume, entitled, "Autumn, from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau," edited by H. G. O. Blake.

E. and J. B. Young & Co., of Cooper Union, New York, have recently published an interestingly written, prettily bound and illustrated book for children by Gordon Browne, George Manfred, Helen Miles, T. Pym, Ed. W. Rhead, A. G. Walker and others.

Miss Anna Chapin Ray in her "Cadets of Flemming Hall," published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of New York, shows such sure sympathy with boy-nature, and is so eminently fond of the young that there is no sign of weakening in her handling of school-boy life.

"Taxation and Work," a series of treatises on the tariff and the currency, by Edward Atkinson, LL. D., Ph. D., is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, and is an able and strongly written book.

"The Gilded Fly," is a brilliantly written political satire by Harold Payne, published by the Price, McGill Co., St. Paul.

"Tom Clifton; or Western Boys in Grant and Sherman's Army," by Warren Lee Goss, published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of Boston, is a wholesome boy's story, stimulating to patriotism and manhood, noble in tone, unstained by any hint of sectionalism.

"From Finland to Greece; or, Three Seasons in Eastern Europe," by Harriet Cornelia Hayward, is an elegantly printed and bound volume, published by the Elzevir company, Rose street, New York city, with 32 full page views of scenery and buildings, and is by a woman who combines poetic appreciation with a terse, straight-forward statement of facts.

"Anglo-Israel, or, The Lost Tribes of Israel," is a handsomely illustrated work from the gifted pen of Rev. W. H. Poole, LL. D., of Detroit, Mich. The venerable author has spent many years in gathering the information desired, and proves conclusively that the Germans, Danes, Swedes and Saxons are really the lost tribes of Israel.

The Century company, New York, publish a number of Viola Roseboro's charming stories in a prettily-bound little volume entitled "Old Ways and New." Many of the stories have been published before, but are so good that they deserve a second reading. Miss Roseboro possesses most graceful and pleasing style, her stories containing many touches of real pathos and humor.

"The Woodman," a novel, by Jules de Glouvet, is a charming and realistic story of forest life, translated from the French by Mrs. John Simpson. Harper & Brothers, New York, publish the book in a handsome binding of green and gold.

"Belhaven Tales and Crow's Nest," is the title of a charming little book written by Mrs. Burton Harrison and published by the Century company, New York. Most of the stories have already been printed, but their merit entitles them to a second perusal from lovers of good literature.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle, is published by Harper & Bros., New York, in a handsome binding of blue and gold, and profusely illustrated. Mr. Doyle's ability as a dramatic writer is universally recognized, and in this book he is to be found at his best.

With the publication of Autumn, the four seasons, as they are represented in Thoreau's "Journal," are completed. The editor, H. G. O. Blake, in making this use of Thoreau's "Journal," has grouped effectively in the sequence of the days of the autumn months, but without regard to the year of the entry, such of Thoreau's observations and reflections as seem most characteristic and most likely to interest the reader. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

"Armais and Others," by Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, is a very prettily bound and illustrated volume, containing three well written stories—"Winged Victory," "Taken in at Omaos," "A Venetian Payment." F. J. Schulte & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

Harper & Bros., New York, publish a beautifully bound volume, entitled "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by F. D. Millet. The illustrations which are very fine are by the author and Alfred Parsons. The style is good, the descriptions vivid, the book full of charming incidents.

"Les Prosateurs Francais du XIXe Siecle," with biographical notices of the writers, and explanatory, grammatical and historical notes, by C. Fontaine, B. L., L. D., is published by W. R. Jenkins, Sixth avenue, New York. This volume is a collection of prose writings selected from the works of the French authors, beginning with Xavier de Maistre, who was born in 1764, and ending with Jean Rameau, born in 1858, arranged by authors chronologically.

"Des Kindes Erstes Buch," published by W. R. Jenkins, is a first book for the study of German in the natural method. The method is divided into forty lessons, each consisting of a short vocabulary, and appropriate illustration, a reading lesson, and a few sentences to be memorized; and as an appendix are given a few simple rhymes suitable for the nursery.

"Camilla," by Edmonds de Amicis, a novelette by one of the foremost of Italian novelists, has been added to the series of "Novelle Italiane," published by William R. Jenkins, New York. In order to render it serviceable for scholars, it has been furnished with English notes by Prof. T. E. Comba.

"La Lizardiere," by Vte Henri de Bornier, is No. 20 of the series of Romans Choisis, published by William R. Jenkins, New York.

"Roland's Squires," by Harriet Mackney, is prettily published by W. R. Jenkins, New York, in white and gold, and is a thrilling story of Roland of Brittany, the bravest of Charlemagne's famous knights, and of his squires Amarin, Andiol and Larron.

"The Adopted Daughter," by Edgar Fawcett, is published by F. T. Neely, New York.

A FOOT-HOLD

for Consumption is what you are offering, if your blood is impure. Consumption is simply Lung Scrofula. A scrofulous condition, with a slight cough or cold, is all that it needs to develop it.

But just as it depends upon the blood for its origin, so it depends upon the blood for its cure. The surest remedy for Scrofula in every form, the most effective blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer that's known to medical science, is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Consumption in all its earlier stages, and for Weak Lungs, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, that is the only remedy so unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No matter how long you've had Catarrh, or how severe, Dr. Sage's Remedy will effect a permanent cure. $500 reward is offered by the proprietors of this medicine, for an incurable case of Catarrh.

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Please name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Gold Increasing in Quantity.

Subscriber, Pierre, S. D., says: "In one of Senator Stewart's speeches, in speaking of the gold output for the last fifteen years, he says: 'According to the best computations, the consumption in the arts, wear and loss have about absorbed the production of the mines.' If such is not the facts, will you be kind enough to give us your proofs."

Senator Stewart was likely making a campaign speech regardless of fact. The fact is that year by year the gold production of the world is increasing, and the results for 1891 were the largest on record. In round numbers the production for the last five years was as follows: 1887, 5,097,000 ounces; 1888, 5,224,000 ounces; 1889, 5,641,000 ounces; 1890, 5,586,000 ounces, and 1891, 6,033,000 ounces. For the first time in many years there was a slight set-back in 1890. A noticeable feature of recent years has been the development of the Witwatersrand gold fields. The production of those fields has been as follows: 1887, 34,897 ounces; 1888, 230,917 ounces; 1889, 570,733 ounces; 1890, 941,501 ounces, and 1891, 729,213 ounces. Adding in 1891 the output of other Transvaal gold fields, which amounted to about 107,000 ounces, the total production of the Transvaal for 1891 reaches 836,213 ounces. For the current year it is expected that the production will quite reach 1,250,000 ounces. In 1888 the Transvaal only produced 4 1-2 per cent of the world's yield, but in 1891 the proportion had risen to 13.8 per cent., and this year it is tolerably certain to reach 21 per cent. The following was the production in 1890 for the countries named: United States, about 1,586,500 ounces; Australia, 1,169,200, and Russia, 1,019,000. As the return for these countries has not altered to any large extent, the Transvaal will probably take the third place for the current year, and very likely the second place in 1893. Mining in the Transvaal has not yet reached its culminating point, as new mines are being opened and old ones still further developed.

Pension Questions.

M. V. L., Ridgeville, Ind.: The widow is entitled to a pension as the soldier's widow, but not to the pension for which he applied.

M. D., Hopkinton, Iowa: A soldier's widow is not exempt from taxes where she has no property except what was bought with pension money. There is no such United States law.

H. M., Elm Creek, Ky., asks: "A soldier dies and leaves children; the widow remarries; the stepfather qualifies, draws the children's pension money, and raises the children till they are 16 years old. Now, after the children are 16 years old, can they sue the stepfather, and make him pay the money he has collected for them, or can the stepfather keep it for raising the children?" He being made guardian, must submit his accounts to the proper official, for the maintenance of the children, under the laws of your state.

S. M. T., Miser, Tenn.: He need not. The board of examiners will find all that exist.

L. C., Toppinish, Wash.: Your claim will be settled in its turn.

Roman Notation.

R. S. F., Coolville, O., writes: "Will you please explain why they use the letters they do in the Roman notation; that is, why do they use the first seven letters of the alphabet instead of seven taken promiscuously through the alphabet?"

The origin of the Roman notation answers the question. The straight perpendicular mark stood for 1; two marks, 2, three for 3 and four for 4. Then the tally-mark over the four marks was made for 5. This being cumbrous, one vertical mark and the tally-mark, making V, was used for 5. As twice 5, two V's, with their points together, were used for 10—that is, an X. The C is the initial of centum, the Latin word for 100, and M the initial of mille, 1,000. The D for 500 is probably a C with a stroke cutting it in half. The origin of the L is obscure. The use of IV for 4, IX for 9, etc., is a later innovation.

Coal Fields.

P. O. P., Haran, Va.: Large quantities of bituminous coal are produced from the Cumberland district of Maryland and the Broad Top, Clearfield and Pittsburg districts of Pennsylvania. Extensive bituminous fields also exist in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and many other states. The largest anthracite field is in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Anthracite is a hard, lustrous black mineral, and on account of a minute proportion of volatile matter in its composition is not bituminous. Bituminous coals, though they sometimes easily ignite and burn, have a larger proportion of inflammable substance than anthracite; it also takes fire and burns more easily.

Merchant Ships.

J. M. S., Whitfield, Kan.: It is a lie, of course, that "every Dutchman has a hundred merchant ships to one of ours," and you ought to know it. The official figures of merchant tonnage for 1891 are:

	Tons.
Great Britain	11,928,624
United States	4,684,759
France	1,082,704
Norway	1,695,477
Germany	1,678,146

All other nations have total tonnages of less than a million. Read, also, answer in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of Oct. 20, headed "American Shipping."

Polygamy.

W. C. P., Bluffton, Ind.: The Mormon religion allows a man to have as many wives as he chooses. Congress has passed laws against the practice of polygamy, the one now in force being called the Edmunds law, because the bill was drafted by Senator Edmunds. It is enforced as strictly as possible, and a number of Mormons have been sent to the penitentiary for violating it. The difficulty is to get proof of plural marriages in court. The women will swear they are not married to the accused. The law is as hard to enforce as is a prohibitory law in a community where every man drinks.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

E. M. B., Fairfield, Iowa: Elizabeth Akers Allen was born in Strong, Maine, in 1832. Her maiden name was Chase. She married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died in 1861, and in 1865 she married E. M. Allen, of New York. She began to write poems at the age of 15, under the pen name of "Florence Percy." She wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," in 1859. The dispute as to the authorship of this poem attracted wide attention. We do not know whether Mr. Allen is living.

Planetary Transits.

J. H. N., Bloomingdale, Ind.: The transits of planets have no effect or influence whatever upon the earth. Suppose you were looking at a wagon a half-mile off, and another wagon would pass between you and the first one; would its passing exert any influence upon you? The cases are parallel. The existence of Vulcan is not more than a supposition. Astronomers do not concede that it exists at all. The moon has no influence on vegetation. The idea that it has is a relic of the superstitions of the Dark Ages.

Reduced Duties.

J. D. A., Newton, N. C., asks us under date of November 8: "If Cleveland is elected, what will be the decrease of duty on crockery, glass and tinware?"

It seems incredible that any one should ask this question. No one but a prophet could answer it. To reduce the tariff, a law must be passed by Congress; and we know no more than our questioner what rate of duty will be fixed by a bill yet to be framed, by a Congress which will not meet until a year in the future.

Color and Heat.

A. R., Verdella, Mo.: The reason light or white clothing is cooler than dark, is one of color. Dark colors absorb heat, while white reflects it. We do not think there is any difference between blonde or brunette persons as regards their endurance of heat. It is probable a white horse, because of his color, does not get so warm in hot weather, in direct sunlight, as a dark one.

Prince Nicholas's Sons.

D., Dell Roy, O.: Nicholas I., prince of Montenegro, was married in 1860. He has seven daughters and two sons. We have not the dates of birth of the daughters. The sons are: Danilo Alexander, heir apparent, born June 29, 1871; Mirko, born April 17, 1879.

Miscellaneous.

W. E. S., Fremont, O.: Consult some manufacturer of paper boxes.

G. U., Newark, Ill.: We know nothing of the "line of action" you speak.

A. J. W., Caney Ky.: It is a campaign lie, and has often been exposed in The Blade.

N. M., Plattsburg, O.: Christopher Columbus was an Italian. He was born in Genoa, Italy.

J. B. H., Roca, Neb.: We do not know why the "Iron Brigade" was so called. Can any one tell us?

R. E. R., Shipman, Ill.: T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts is the present United States minister to France.

H. M. K., Quitman, Mo.: "Quitman Public School" is proper. The various rooms are but departments of the school.

J. M. R., Barnesville, O.: Tell us the date of the paper in which the sermon was printed. It is not in any recent issue.

M. D. M., Happy Land, Ala.: There is no national poll tax. If there is a poll tax in your state, it is a matter of state law.

J. F. I., Aurora, Ill.: A greenback is a government note bearing no interest, and with no time for payment specified thereon.

W. B., Ayersville, O.: The Webster who killed Dr. Parman was not Noah Webster, but another Webster, a professor in a Boston medical college.

Subscriber, Kelso, Wash.: We are sorry to say we have all our arrangements made for serials for the next year. Try the National Tribune, Washington.

G. P. H., Tribune, Kan.: Know of none that make a business of filling artificial or natural combs with honey. Strained honey is often adulterated with glucose.

G. C. D., Lakeview, Mich.: A person not a soldier cannot purchase a soldier's homestead claim and be allowed six months of each year as soldiers are allowed.

N. A. E., Belmore, O.: A man born on the ocean, of American parentage, is an American citizen. A man born on the ocean of foreign parentage is an alien until naturalized.

W. W. C., La Hogue, Ill.: Mrs. John A. Logan receives an annual pension of $2,000. There were 30 widows of revolutionary soldiers drawing pensions on June 30, 1891.

E. N. C., Baldstown, O.: Consult some machinist. There are in every city machinists who make a specialty of getting up models for inventors, and it is perfectly safe to trust them.

O. A. A., Decorah, Iowa: The question of the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" has been fiercely disputed, and we doubt if any one is certain who is the author. We certainly do not know.

S. I. B., Winona, O.: We shall, as soon as the official returns are all in, publish a table, giving the vote of each state at the election just over. We can not reproduce the vote for 1888. It is not worth the space.

A. R. R., Toledo, O.: The question of selecting the President by popular vote has been agitated for years, but no step towards a constitutional amendment has been taken. There is a disinclination to undo the work of the men who formed our constitution, unless they were palpably in error.

A. B., Saybrook, O.: We can not answer questions as to the laws in the different states. If you will think a moment, you will see it is impossible to keep the run of the laws of 44 states. Consult some one in Ann Arbor about the marriage laws of that state.

S. M., Reno, Nev.: The word spelled "charivari," is sometimes incorrectly pronounced "shivaree." Its proper pronunciation is "sha-ree-va-ree'," the first syllable as in "tree," e in the second and fourth as in "tree," and accent on second and fourth.

J. M. S., Rush River, Min.: There are a dozen different preparations to clean nickel plate on the market. Consult your druggist. Best bicycle record, 100 miles—5 hours, 51 minutes, 7 seconds, made by G. W. Waller, England. Send only one question at a time.

C. D., Toledo, O., asks: "Which is correct—'10 minutes to 9,' or '10 minutes till 9?' If neither, what is the correct expression?" Grammatically, either is correct. The first means that it will be ten minutes from now to 8:50 o'clock; the second, that ten minutes must elapse till 9.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: All plants, except fungi, require light. The green color in the leaves of trees and plants is due to chlorophyll, and this is created by the chemical action produced by the sun's rays. Plants, in the absence of sunlight, lose this green color, the stems weaken, and the whole plant sickens and finally dies.

W. E. B. Elroy, Wis.: The World's Fair will scarcely have a perceptible effect on the price of wheat. Small vegetables, poultry and the inferior farm products may bring more money in Chicago markets, owing to a large temporary increase in the population. The price of wheat is regulated by the supply and the foreign demand.

J. N. P. W., Oliver Springs, Tenn.: The needle of the mariner's compass varies constantly, whether a needle points east or west. Columbus was mystified because he sailed further west than any previous navigator, and consequently there was sufficient variation of the needle to make it perceptible. The phenomenon had never been noticed before.

H. and G., Ottawa, Ill.: The name "prairie" was first applied to the great treeless plains of North America by the early French explorers. The soil varies because of its different components, and its fertility varies from the same cause; also, from the annual rainfall. Any of these soils is fertile where there is plenty of rain, and sterile where rain falls.

J. S., Rural Dale, O.: The term, "Third Colonial Congress," is a misnomer. It should be the first continental. There was no third colonial. The first colonial congress was held at Albany in 1754. The second colonial at New York, October 7, 1765. The first continental at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, and the second continental at Philadelphia, May 10, 1775.

J. W. D., Hoopeston, Ill.: The free public school system in the United States is of New England origin, but it is not certain whether it was first established in Massachusetts or Connecticut. Acts providing for the establishment of free schools were passed in 1642 and 1645. A town school was established at Hartford prior to 1642. The colonies of New Hampshire and Vermont followed Hartford's example.

W. B. M., Flint, Va.: The Blade never uses "tricks" to gain subscribers. One of the cardinal principles of the paper is, and will be carried out to the letter. The Weekly Blade of October 27, fourth page, head of 6th column, under the head, "Our Offer Explained," answers your questions in full, and we need not repeat it here. Whenever The Blade makes any offer to its subscribers, you can depend on its being genuine and straightforward.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

An Englishwoman Who Is Interested in Temperance Reform.

Lady Henry Somerset is again visiting America. She came primarily for the purpose of attending the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which opened at Denver on October 28. Lady Somerset crossed with Miss Frances E. Willard, who has been spending some time abroad, carrying on her aggressive temperance work.

The English reformer is milder and more persuasive in her methods than is Miss Willard, but she does not hesitate

LADY SOMERSET.

to bring her war directly into the enemy's camp. Much of her wonderful reformatory work has been done in the lowest London slums, where her fine presence and beautiful face, no less than her powers of organization and ability as a speaker, have brought a greater success than any other temperance woman can claim.

When asked about the encouragement she receives in the English temperance movement, she answered that the greatest difficulty she encounters is the large number of drunken, irreclaimable women.

So dissipated are they, and so fully do they realize the depth of their degradation, that is impossible to reach them with a lasting aid.

Alphabet Suppers.

"Alphabet suppers" are getting to be quite a craze in some parts of the country. The young people of church societies arrange for an evening lunch, the name of every article of which begins with the same letter. Each member is instructed to provide a portion of the feast, and a forfeit is levied against delinquents. A "B" supper, for instance, would include bread, beans, butter, bananas, beer (possibly), beef, brick cheese (by an elastic construction of the rule), bologna, etc.

Snubbed.

Clara (thinking to make Ethel envious)—"You can't imagine how delightfully Charlie makes love."

Ethel—"Oh, yes, I can. He used to try it with me until I snubbed him."—New York Press.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Grape Culture.

M. S., Enge, (no state):—Grape vines will grow in almost any soil, but limestone soil is the best, as it needs less preparation. A loose, friable soil, whether it be sand, ground or loam, is preferable to clay or muck. The situation should be protected from the north winds. It is essential that the soil should be well prepared. Soil that is partly exhausted or not adapted to the grape, will need additions. If the soil is destitute of lime it must have a liberal dressing of this. Sandy or gravelly soil will require an abundant dressing of barnyard manure, muck, leaf mould or the plowing under of green crops. No matter what kind of soil, it should be plowed or subsoiled to the depth of 20 inches and manured with a compost of peat or muck and leaf mould, with old well rotted stable manure. The compost should be made several months before it is applied. The compost should be applied after the plowing and subsoiling, and cross-plowed in, then harrowed and cross harrowed. The general mode of propagating the vine is by cuttings, a foot or more long, with a portion of two-year-old wood, or short, with only one bud or one bud and a half-joint. Vines may be had at nurseries, propagated either from layers, cuttings or eyes. Plants raised from cuttings are generally preferred. Vines may be trained in almost any direction. The young vine should be allowed to take its own course for the first year, but weeds should be kept down. Hardy varieties require no protection. Some growers think that winter protection is proper. This is done by laying the vines down and covering them with soil to the depth of one inch or two. This requires that the usual trimming should be done in the fall. In northern climates spring planting is preferred, while in southern locations fall planting is considered best.

Before the sap begins to move in the spring, at the end of the first year's growth, the vine should be cut back to one strong cane of three buds,

Talmage's Sermon.

MEN SACRIFICE THEMSELVES

On the Altar of the Golden Calf and Every Day is a Day of Judgment —Appropriate Sermon for the Times.

This week Dr. Talmage preached a sermon appropriate to the money making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being from Exodus xxxii, 22: "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or of a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off; the mold is taken away; and the idol is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate, and shriek, and dance naughtily, and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces.

When a man gets mad he is very apt to break all the Ten Commandments! Moses rushes in and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliances of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of nitre, or by the old-fashioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draught. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of the brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back, the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson, and the East river, and the Thames, and the Clyde, and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of fanatical excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters.

Put aside the curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street, and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in November, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million!" and the whole continent shivered. This golden calf of the text has its right foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right front foot in Charleston, its left back foot back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh! this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship.

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are dispensing gold, and its floors are tesselated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are trampling gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further: Every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of the counting-room desks and fire-proof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh! heaven and earth, what an altar! what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of shocks, and at 11 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half take it!" until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord;" the golden calf kicked them!

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text; they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the horses gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage: Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard that they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never before that forgeries will not pay; that the attempt to live on fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city residence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it enlargement, we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting—has cut it out, and the nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grandfathers when twelve and three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who wore a five-dollar coat paid for was more honored than a man who wore a fifty-dollar coat not paid for.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text borrowed the earnings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays, by many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow, and borrow, and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of; and after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire and the wheelright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harnessmaker for the bridle, and a farrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawl fluttering out of the back of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow, and borrow, and borrow, that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man will not repent of his business iniquity but goes on wishing to satisfy his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing.

Let the golden calf perish.

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets, one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your coffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah! no. The ferry boat which crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may, perhaps, take $500 with you in two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring. It would be a temptation to the pillagers. Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink in the bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. O! this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said: "Fool! fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble and soothe you when you are sick, and save when you die. When your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkled, and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, he will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good by forever. He will give them back to you again, and he will have them waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh! what a God he is! He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around his neck, while he in response will put his arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look on and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and a returned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historical scroll.

A Patent Throughout the World.

Two French gentlemen with the courage of their opinions to an extraordinary extent, says the Paper Record, have patented a hypodermic syringe all over the world. This fact arrested the attention of a writer in Le Figaro, who at once became curious to know the cost of the operation. It seems that there are 64 countries where an invention can claim protection, or rather where patent fees may be paid. Sixteen of these are in Europe, eight in Africa, 27 in America and nine in Oceanica. The total price of these 64 official scraps of paper amount to the nice little sum of $14,550.

Can Any One Account for This?

An Auburn, N. Y., physician, in his many years of practice, has noted that few people are born on the 17th of the month. He was born that day himself, and being of an observing turn of mind, he has taken particular notice.

A Lasting Ink.

Customer—Will this ink fade?
Clerk—I think not, sir. It has been known to last for years.
Customer—Well, I want to be dead sure about it. I am going to write a poem for a magazine with it.—Judge.

A Competent Witness.

Judge—Do you understand the nature of an oath? Do you know what will happen if you do not tell the truth in this case?
Witness—To be certing, boss. Our side will win.—Judge.

Much Prettier.

An old bachelor asks whether there is anything lovelier than a pretty, healthy blooming girl of fourteen? Yes, a roomfull of pretty, blooming girls of fourteen is lovelier.

In Silentia Salus.

She saw a note to her husband,
It was in a woman's handwriting.
Did she open it? No; not she.
Although it looked so inviting.
Did she worry about it? Oh, no!
For one won't, while another one will;
You see, she knew whom it was from—
It was her dress-maker's bill.
—Harlem Life.

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ULCERS
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And every kindred disease arising from impure blood cured by that never-failing and best of all medicines,

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Best Cure For

All disorders of the Throat and Lungs is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It has no equal as a cough-cure.

Bronchitis

"When I was a boy, I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character, that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary remedies, but recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and one bottle cured me. For the last fifteen years, I have used this preparation with good effect whenever I take a bad cold, and I know of numbers of people who keep it in the house all the time, not considering it safe to be without it."—J. C. Woodson, P. M., Forest Hill, W. Va.

Cough

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured."—Franz Hoffman, Clay Centre, Kans.

La Grippe

"Last spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

An Incident at Murfreesboro.

Editor Camp Fire:—Every Blade soldier reader with the old patriotism still flickering in his manly bosom will, as he takes up the paper, naturally turn to the Camp Fire column and look and hope to find something that will bring to mind some incident, name or reminiscence that by reason of time or the cares and responsibilities of life have passed from memory. And as we read of the experience of this one and that one, as he portrays the hair-breadth escapes to which he was necessarily exposed, with what freshness it brings to mind incidents connected with our own experience, that otherwise would have passed into oblivion after we have gone to join the "silent majority," that may be left on record for the perusal of our children and grandchildren, that they may by be inspired with the same love of country and patriotism possessed by their fathers. I enlisted and went out with the 1,300 boys who composed the 111th O. V. I., in the summer of 1862. After marching and countermarching, with now and then, by way of variety, a wild-goose chase after rebel cavalry, and in close proximity to the battle of Perryville, we finally brought up at Bowling Green, Ky. An order soon came from "Pap" Thomas for a detail of two men (mechanics) from each company, to join the pioneer corps at Nashville. My brother and I, both of Co. F, volunteered to go. Arriving there, the detail was ordered to the front, to report to headquarters, near Murfreesboro, a distance of 30 miles.

Before we had marched half the way, we could plainly hear the booming of the cannon, that signified to us in unmistakable terms that we were about to see the elephant, and we were more convinced of the fact a half hour later when we saw the smoke from a burning supply train, and heard the rebel yell a short distance in front of us. We formed in line and prepared for the worst. In a few moments we saw a negro teamster, who somehow managed to make his escape, coming down the road toward us, with his mules and wagon at a furious rate, the very picture of fright, and exclaiming as he saw us: "You better git dare, fo' do rebs am coming!" Just then one of our number of Co. C, a tall, lank, gander-necked sort of fellow, broke ranks and made for the tail end of that wagon with such prodigious strides that he actually overtook it and slipped into it with the agility of a rabbit. The boys, notwithstanding the seriousness of our surroundings, gave vent to hearty laughter. The wagon was stopped at Nashville, but the soldier didn't stop until he found his regiment, then reported us all killed or captured. The sad news reached our friends, who mourned our fate till after the battle they were otherwise informed. —A. Farnsworth.

Reminiscences of Shiloh.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been very much interested in the several personal reminiscences of the battle of Shiloh, and I will tell the comrades what I saw and did the last half of the first day. Late in the afternoon when we were gradually falling back, Capt. A. L. Ogg formed his company at the head of a ravine behind a fallen tree and told us to sell our lives as dear as possible. But the situation seemed hopeless and on looking to the rear I saw our flag and Major Stone and others trying to get out of the death trap. Then away I went trying to keep in sight of the flag and to get out of the way of rebel bullets which seemed to come both ways.

Capt. Ogg, overtaking me as we crossed the 3d Iowa camp ground, said, "Ah, Hall, do take care of me." He was shot. I put one arm around him, carrying and dragging him to the shelter of an oak tree, unbuckled his sword belt and left him and went to the 14th Ill. camp and jumped into a wagon that had four mules hitched to it, and told the driver to go with me and take my captain off the field, as he was wounded. As we started up rode a sergeant with one more stripe on his arm than I had said: "Corporal, I want that team to haul off five wounded soldiers." I said go ahead, then I saw some one with an ambulance and pressed him in and we took the captain off the field.

On my return I saw a sutler wagon with one horse beside the tongue, and his head pulled around by his body, unhitched the animal and fed him some shelled corn. Then examined the contents of the wagon, which contained sweet biscuit crackers, tobacco and a sutler's supply generally. Soldiers coming along one of them said, "What have you got there?" I said, "Something good to eat," and I commenced right there to play commissary, and it did not take me long to hand out some $200 or $300 worth of goods.

Things settled down and I turned in for the night and was covering myself with one of the sutler's fine robes when up rode Mr. Sutler and asked what I was doing. I said, "guarding your goods, sir." He said, "Thank you, thank you, thank you," and while he was thanking me I slipped down on the other side of the wagon and went off in the dark. Now, maybe we can find that sutler and I can get pay for disposing of his goods.—S. K. Hall, corporal Co. G, 3d Iowa Inft.

"Linkum" Money.

Editor Camp Fire:—Immediately after the evacuation of Corinth, Miss., in May, 1862, Gen. Sherman with his army headed up for Memphis, Tenn. As my regiment was in advance, we were the first troops to enter the town of Lagrange. It was a bright Sunday morning. We found all the storehouses empty, and the town deserted of nearly all the men. But what few were remaining were at church, praying the Lord to save the village from the ravages of the "Lincoln hirelings." And their prayers were answered even beyond their most sanguine expectations, for Gen. Sherman furnished a guard to protect their homes to all who desired it.

What little the folks had to spare, such as vegetables, milk, etc, we freely paid our money for. But some of the boys, more gifted for sight-seeing than others, ventured into a deserted railroad office, and by some accident got their hands on a considerable amount of unfinished bills of railroad money, which they promptly executed, and distributed among their comrades, and which served afterward a valuable means to procure something to eat in the case of emergency. To the colored folks and "poor white trash" it was passed off as genuine "Linkum money." From this place we moved to Moscow, and from there we went on to Holly Springs, and as our commissary wagons did not reach us in due time, we became in straitened circumstances for something to eat.

Our captain sent out four or five men to explore the country, and if possible find something to stay our famished appetites. They soon reached a plantation, and finding the darkeys and their old master at home, they found it more respectable and convenient to purchase rather than to take without leave. By this means they procured all the bacon that the old gentleman could possibly spare, he taking the money at their word without even inspecting it, and when the darkeys saw that they were paid for their truck the same as their master, they received it as a heaven-sent blessing. One big fellow, especially, was so overjoyed over his treat, that he fell to the ground, and rolled over and over again, laughing with all his might, and exclaiming, "Linkum money."—J. W. S., Co. C, 6th Mo. Vol. Inf.

History of Old Abe.

Editor Camp Fire:—Here I come with my first top rail. I know all about Old Abe, the eagle that was carried through the war, as we were brigaded with the 8th Wisconsin all through the war. I have caught Old Abe many a bucket of fish, but he would not eat any of the dead ones. Give him one that was dead, and he would take it in his beak and stop and throw it away, and wipe his beak as if to say, "not good for an old soldier."

At the time the 8th Wisconsin was being organized there lived an old Indian chief near Madison, and he was a rich farmer; he had a pet, and the pet was a young eagle, and the Indian was a Republican, great and I, both of Co. F, volunteered to go. Arriving there, the detail was ordered to the front, to report to headquarters, near Murfreesboro, a distance of 30 miles.

He had a shield made and put on a staff with a bunch of arrows tied in the middle, with wampum for a perch, and the whole painted red, white and blue. He gave the eagle and this shield to the 8th Wisconsin, to be carried by a volunteer of the regiment. To the man who carried it through the war, he was to give $10,000 in gold.

If the man was killed or died his heirs were to get $5,000, and the other $5,000 to go to the next man who took him. The first man was killed at Farmington; am not sure about the place, but his heirs got $5,000, and the next man carried the eagle through, and brought him home and returned him to the old chief, who gave him to the state of Wisconsin.—C. S. Fairbanks, Co.C, 11th Mo. Vet. Vol. Inf.

A Soldier's Daughter.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am a soldier's daughter, and well do I remember when the news came from Fort Sumter. Then came the rallies and enrollment of men, and one day darkness descended in our home, for father enlisted. It seemed to me as if the end of the world must come soon when he marched away as sergeant of Co. K, 116th N. Y. Vol. Inf.

I always enjoy reading or hearing anecdotes of old soldiers. Here is one of "Phil" Sheridan: When he was living in Chicago, the groom was one morning exercising the famous horse, Winchester. A small boy from Boston, who was visiting in the city, begged very hard to just come inside the gate. The groom finally allowed him to come in. He stood close to the wall for a few minutes, when Sheridan came into the yard. The little 6-year-old boy saluted, and then standing erect and tall as he could, recited the poem, "Sheridan's Ride." This so amused the general that he placed the child on Winchester's back, while the groom led him several times around the yard.

A prouder boy was never in Chicago, and when he returned to Boston his little friends made quite a hero of him. Though from an old and patriotic family of the Green mountain Starks, I was not named for the general's wife, yet, nevertheless, my name is—Mollie.

Those Biscuits.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was on the Lynchburg raid. One night we crossed the river near Lexington, Va., and went into camp, and while I was sitting there resting, I chanced to look across a little ravine, and saw the house of an old negro woman. And presently I saw one of our lieutenants come along and say to her: "Aunty, can you bake me some biscuits?" "Yes, sah! I bake you de cakes." And paying her price for them, which was 25 cents, agreed to come or send for them the next morning. When he left, I thought to myself, "All right, lieutenant, I'll 'tend to dem dar cakes." While thinking about the cakes I went to sleep. The next morning I awoke very early, and before it was light enough to see very far ahead of me, I "hustled" out for aunty's cabin, and rapped on the door. Aunty called "Who dar?" I told her I had come after the lieutenant's cakes. "Lawd bless ye, chile, jus shub open de doah and dar dey is right on de table." I pushed the door open, swept them into my good old haversack, and thanking aunty, I closed the door, and back to camp I went. Now you may guess I had a sumptuous breakfast. I left the lieutenant to find out who ate his cakes. —John H. Hess, Co. D., 13th W. Va. Inft.

Experience as a Prisoner

Editor Camp Fire:—I was taken prisoner at Beverly, W. Va., Oct. 29, 1864. The rebels took us over the mountains to Taunton. We camped near Sinking Springs the first night, and a fine fat heifer was killed for our supper. This was the last full meal I had for five months. During the night two of our men got away. There were three guards over us, and one of our men knocked one of the guards down and killed him with his own bayonet; then shot another guard with the captured gun. At this another of our men knocked the third guard down with a club, and the two escaped before the other rebel guards could reach them. I might have escaped too, but it was cold, and the rebels had taken away my boots, and I had traveled all day barefooted. My feet were sore and bleeding, and I could scarcely walk. An old woman came out and gave us an awful tongue-lashing. I pointed to my bleeding feet, and asked her to sympathize with me, but she said she wished it was my throat that was bleeding. I was taken to Libby prison. —J. C. G., Co. C. 5th Ohio Cav.

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Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

TWILIGHT.

Twilight, the gray-eyed child of Day and Night,
Comes wandering through the wood with pensive face,
Tender as thoughts of home; a placid grace
Follows her footsteps, and a holy light
Strikes amid leafless boughs, as childhood's dreams,
At sight of youth, awaken in the old.
And as I watch her take her noiseless
By glen and field and lonely water gleams,
Lost hopes, like buds of Spring, again unfold.
And rosy light, comes trembling through life's gray,
Thus have I watched thee, Twilight, long ago,
Thy coming but a herald to mine eyes
Of one who followed, and who filled my skies
Not as with night, but Love's own morning glow.
—Chambers's Journal.

The Feminine Foot.

The French sculptor, Louis Xavier, now visiting America, has something to say about the human form that may be interesting: "It is easy to get an almost perfect model. Perfectly formed women are by no means rare, with the exception—the feet. A beautiful bare foot is almost unknown. We have to thank the fashionable boot for this. When women learn that a small foot out of proportion to the body and much smaller than the hand is a deformity a new era of sense may begin, and a foot Greek in contour with rosy nails be as common as a beautiful form or face." When will that day be? Not until it is fashionable to walk barefoot, I fancy.

To Reduce the Hips.

Here is a simple exercise to reduce hip measurement. Just try it an hour a day for two months and see if its effects are not magical. Hunt up a solid box that will raise you two or three inches from the floor. Stand firmly on right foot, hands on hips, with the left knee stiff, slowly swing the left leg from the hip backward and forward, not bending at waist. Reverse the movement, standing on left foot. Not only that but the feeling of freedom as you walk, which is naturally resultant, will be one added joy to living!

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.
There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.
We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.
Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.
A book on it free.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 91-26

IF YOU HAVE A BILIOUS OR NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT

AVOID COFFEE OR TEA

Van Houten's Cocoa

—BEST AND GOES FARTHEST—

Is a most delicious substitute, not only a stimulant but a nourisher and Highly Digestible.

EXPLORER SCHWATKA.

The Arctic Explorer, Who Recently Died in Portland, Oregon.

Lieutenant Frederick G. Schwatka, who died in Oregon from an overdose of laudanum, has earned world-wide fame by commanding the expedition to the arctic regons in search of the records of the lost Sir John Franklin party.

He was a restless, daring and versatile solder, born at Galena, Ill., in 1849, of Polish and Scotch-Irish parentage. He graduated from West Point in 1871, and was appointed second lieutenant in the Third Cavalry in the Far West. His services there for six years fitted him for future daring deeds. He also studied both law and medicine, obtaining the degree of M. D. from Bellevue

LIEUT. SCHWATKA.

medical college of New York, after having been admitted to the bar in Nebraska.

He left his scientific studies to participate in the Indian campaign, but departed for an interval of two years, 1877, when only 28 years of age, to go in search of the supposed Franklin records.

The results of his expedition were regarded as so valuable that Schwatka was made a member of several learned societies, and received several medals. In 1883 he explored, by order of the government, a portion of the Yukan river, in Alaska, and '86 he headed an expedition to Alaska sent by a New York paper.

In '89 he explored the northern part of old Mexico, discovering many interesting relics of Aztec civilization, particularly of the cliff and cave dwellers.

Schwatka also wrote several books: among them were "Along Alaska's Great River," "Nimrod in the North," and "The Children of the Cold," as well as short stories and sketches.

HIS WIFE'S LETTER.

Tried to Dodge His Mother-in-Law but it Didn't Work.

"I wish you would mail this letter as you go down town, Jim," said Mrs. Bloobumper to her husband, as he rose from the breakfast table. I am very anxious for mamma to get it early to-morrow."

"All right," replied Bloobumper.

He put it in his pocket with this mental observation:

I should not be surprised if I forgot to mail this. Mary has been talking for a week about inviting her mother to come down for a month's visit, but I don't know that I am anxious to aid in forwarding the invitation, seeing that I would rather the old lady remained away."

"Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" asked Mrs. Bloobumper, when her husband came home that night.

Certainly," replied the unblushing prevaricator.

When he returned home an evening later his wife confronted him.

"You told me last night you had mailed that letter to mamma.

"Well?"

"Well, you didn't."

"Oh, yes, I did."

"Don't tell me any more of your untruths. If you had mailed that letter mamma would not have been in the house now."

"Here now?"

"Yes, here now."

"Why, I thought it was an invitation to her to come and stay a month. You know you were talking of inviting her."

"Clearly, and I did invite her. I mailed that letter myself. The one I asked you to mail was one requesting her to postpone her visit, and if you had done as I asked you to, she would have received it before it was time for her to leave home. Now come in and tell her she's welcome, and that you can't think of letting her leave under six weeks."

And so Bloobumper went in.—Harper's Bazar.

The Plain Truth

Is good enough for Hood's Sarsaparilla—there is no need of embellishment or sensationalism. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. If you have never tried it, the many friends it has gained will convince you it is a good medicine.

The highest praise has been won by **Hood's Pills** for their easy, yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

RAILS THAT LINCOLN SPLIT.

They Still Form a Fence About a Petersburg (Ill.) Farm.

Stories of the great Lincoln are always of interest, and it seems as if there are few localities in Illinois that do not contain some pioneer who remembers the great emancipator, and cherishes a relic of the martyr President. A visit was made the other day to the home of Andrew Simmons, a well-to-do farmer residing near the historic little inland village of Fountain Green, lying near the line of Hancock and McDonough counties. At his home resides Mr. Simmons' aged mother, Mrs. Miranda Simmons. She is one of the sturdy pioneers of the West. She came to Illinois from Kentucky when she was 15 years of age, and settled with her parents near Petersburg, where she married. They afterwards lived on the Alfred Gordon farm, near Petersburg, the fences of which are to this day composed of the identical rails cut by Abraham Lincoln. Mrs. Simmons gave the reporter an interesting account of Lincoln's famous rail splitting. It seems that while Lincoln was studying law at Petersburg, he and a friend named Hanks—the latter a relative of Lincoln's mother—who was also studying, boarded at Alfred Gordon's. This Mr. Gordon was an old friend of the Lincoln family. As Mr. Gordon did not charge the young men any board, they undertook to make rails enough for two farms, so for some months Mr. Lincoln and young Hanks put in a part of their time making rails. Mr. Lincoln made most of the rails, and those cut by Hanks were used in fencing a farm owned by the father of Alfred Gordon. Mrs. Simmons remembers Lincoln well as a smart but awkward boy long before he appeared in public life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Gold Coin Loses Its Weight.

The loss which gold coin suffers in circulation was illustrated in the custom house yesterday. George W. Sheldon & Co. sent $15,000 in gold coin to pay duties on imports, and the amount was counted and sent over to the subtreasury. A little while later the subtreasurer sent it back, with notice that the amount was $1,935 short. On investigation, it was found that, though the face of the coin was $15,000, by weight the gold lacked nearly $2,000 of that value. The paying bank was notified and sent a gold certificate for the balance.—Chicago Tribune.

Gilt Letters on Books.

Gilt letters on bindings are impressed by a hot tool or stamp. The tool bearing the letters should be first arranged in order on a rack before a clear fire, so as to be well heated without becoming red hot. The leather to be stamped is first dusted over with very finely powdered rosin or gum mastic, over which lay a leaf of gold. The well-heated stamp is now pressed down on the gold leaf, which will, of course, be indented and show the figure or letter impressed upon it.

The Disease Left Him With Nothing.

Miss Washington—Did de scarlet fevah leabe yo' wif eanything?
Mr. Johnsing—No, indeed; nuffin. Eben mah hen house wus stolen.—Judge.

The Sunday School.

LESSON IX., SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27. **The Apostles Turning to the Gentiles.**
Golden Text:—I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.—Acts 13:47.

LESSON TEXT.
(Acts 13:44 to 14:7.)

44. And the next Sabbath day came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God.

45. But when the Jews saw the multitudes, they were filled with envy, and spake against those things which were spoken by Paul, contradicting and blaspheming.

46. Then Paul and Barnabas waxed bold, and said, it was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles.

47. For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldest be for salvation unto the ends of the earth.

48. And when the Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord, and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.

49. And the word of the Lord was published throughout all the region.

50. But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, and the chief men of the city, and raised persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and expelled them out of their coasts.

51. But they shook off the dust of their feet against them, and came unto Iconium.

52. And the disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost.

1. And it came to pass in Iconium, that they both went together into the synagogue of the Jews, and so spake, that a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed.

2. But the unbelieving Jews stirred up the Gentiles, and made their minds evil affected against the brethren.

3. Long time therefore abode they speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands.

4. But the multitude of the city was divided, and part held with the Jews, and part with the apostles.

5. And when there was an assault made both of the Gentiles, and also of the Jews with their rulers, to use them despitefully, and to stone them.

6. They were ware of it, and fled unto Lystra and Derbe, cities of Lycaonia, and unto the region that lieth round about.

7. And there they preached the gospel.

Illustrative Applications.

Almost the whole city was gathered together to hear the word of God (v. 44). It is easier to get a thousand men to hear the word of God than to induce one man to follow its teachings. The work of the preacher or the teacher is by no means done when he has gathered a great many hearers. If he has wellnigh a whole city to listen to him, that fact does not in itself prove that he is a winner of souls. If, on the other hand, he has only a very few to hear him, he may be doing a great work for God's cause. When, as our Lord preached the gospel, "the many thousands of the multitude were gathered together, insomuch that they trode one upon another" in their desire to hear him, there were, as we have reason to think, smaller immediate results in the conversion of souls than when he had one listener by the well of Samaria. It is not in the numbers who listen to us, but in the blessing which God gives to our labors, that the secret of our success is found.

Salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth (v. 47). The proffer of salvation is for all; to those who are at hand, as well as to those who are afar. "Unto the uttermost part of the earth" includes all that is this side of that limit, and that is one of the hardest lessons for a Christian to learn. It seems easier to believe that the heathen in Africa will receive the gospel than that the heathen in the brown-stone houses of our city avenues will welcome it. We often pray in confidence for the rescue of distant idolaters, while we are doubtful if the scoffer who lives next door to us, or the drunkard under our own roof, is to be saved.

The Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate, and the chief men of the city, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas (v. 50). It is not always the rabble, nor yet only misguided men, who oppose the truth and persecute the godly. "Devout women of honorable estate," as well as "the chief men of the city," are sometimes "urged on" to acts of lawlessness, or to the exercise of a spirit of bigotry and intolerance. Good women, as well as good men, are often very uncharitable. They join in the persecution of some class because of their prejudice of sect, or nationality, or race. Again, they have a part in unjustifiable violence against law breakers, or in resistance to the law. It is not always safe to follow, nor right to commend, "the devout women of honorable estate, and the chief men of the city." Their course never makes evil good, or good evil.

The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost (v. 52). And this was when they had been driven out of a city for preaching the gospel, and had been persecuted without cause by devout women and prominent men. Men in whom the Holy Ghost dwells as a Comforter are not dependent on circumstances or surroundings for their happiness. The kingdom of peace of mind and joy of soul through faith can never be made happy by outside agencies. If we are in Christ's service, we may be assured that every step we take in the path of duty is a step toward victory. Whether we are praised or denounced, ministered to or persecuted, we are helped heavenward. We are just where we ought to be. All things work together for our good. We ought to be "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost" continually.

And so spake, that a great multitude believed (v. 1). Even though God could reach men without a human instrumentality, he has chosen to have a place for the human agent, and to give a power to the human agent, in gospel preaching. And in the plan of God it makes a good deal of difference how the human agent does his work. A man can preach or teach so that he will be believed, or so that he will not be believed. If you are a preacher, or a teacher, in which way do you speak—judging from the results? If those who hear you do not believe, what is the trouble with your speaking? That is an important question for you to answer.

The Jews that were disobedient stirred up the souls of the Gentiles, and made them evil affected against the brethren (v. 2). It is not so much to be wonder'd at that Jews were ready to stir up the Gentiles against the brethren, as it is that the Gentiles were ready to be stirred up against the brethren, by the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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ADDITIONAL WATCH OFFERS.

By reading our watch offer, on the first column of the fifth page of this issue, you will see that we have added two more styles of watches. The list is now complete. Read it over carefully, and if you want a watch at from 25 to 50 per cent below the price you would pay a dealer, avail yourself promptly of the offer.

OUR NEW STORY.

We begin to-day a very interesting serial story, entitled "The Unbidden Guest," written by Irving Bacheller, a rising young New York writer. It is an absorbingly interesting tale, and one we believe which will be perused with interest by Blade subscribers. It introduces an entirely new mystery to the reading world. One of the characters is simply a voice, whose owner is not revealed until the last chapter, when it points a moral with very telling effect. Read the story. You will find it well worthy your attention.

WINTER READING.

The long winter evenings are here, and indoor occupations have become a necessity. Outdoor enjoyments favored by the long summer evenings are dropped for the season and the delights of reading will in large measure take their place. What finer occupation for the long winter evenings that are at hand? The intellectual world is constantly expanding in numerous directions, and no one is so well fitted to take in the enjoyments which life affords as the man or woman who has a good stock of information on different subjects. Sociall intercourse is often "flat, stale and unprofitable" for the lack of this important requisite of intellectual enjoyment. Ideas must be scarce when knowledge is limited.

How best to utilize the opportunities that winter affords for promoting intellectual growth and culture is an important question. An excellent way is to lay out a course of reading and follow it systematically. For general utility there is no better reading than history, biography and travel, with a little standard fiction thrown in. For special purposes scientific works should take the lead, and where literary culture is specially desired the best authors in leading lines of thought are to be preferred. But whatever style of reading is decided upon there should be steady adherence to the plan outlined. By following this course surprising progress will be made in mastering any subject.

A half hour given every evening will carry one through the longest histories easily and with great profit. Read in this way all the leading histories in the world will become familiar in a few winters. History is an unfailing source of suggestive thought, and richly repays the reader for the time expended upon it. Biography reveals the secret springs of history and the lives of interesting characters. It is a sidelight oftentimes more interesting than history itself. Books of travel are essential to a correct knowledge of the discoveries of explorers as well as the condition and characteristics at the present day of well-known countries.

Of course some good newspapers should be included in the winter's reading for information of current events. There are thousands of people in the Union who find the Toledo Blade just what they want in this line, and we shall endeavor, during the present winter, to make it still more valuable to its readers. We shall make its pages a redex of the progress of the age, and no one who reads it steadily can fail to keep abreast of the times in all ways.

The November crop report shows a fower total than previous estimates. The total production of wheat is barely 500,000,000 bushels, there being a probable reduction from this for light weight, and the corn crop is stated as not much exceeding 1,600,000,000 bushels. In each there is a decrease of fully 20 per cent from the crop of 1891. The production of wheat allows just about two-thirds for home consumption and one-third for export in grain or flour, while the English crop is approximately one-third of the quantity required for the year's consumption in the British islands.

President Harrison will go back to Indianapolis a man respected in every way and by everybody for his honesty of purpose and clean administration. President Harrison will live in the hearts of the people just as Henry Clay did in the earlier years of the century.

The directors of the World's Fair by a vote of 26 to 4, have put themselves upon record as favoring its opening on Sunday. A strong effort will be made in Congress this winter to reverse the action of that body last spring.

What this country really needs is a dose of free trade, and the sooner it is administered the better. Like Jeshurun, the people have "waxed fat, and kicked." The consequences of the kick are to come.

A deadlock is now pending in the Hawaiian legislature, caused by the new Cabinet appointed by the Queen being in the minority. Let us hope a revolution will not follow which will depose Queen Lil.

The New York World says it was a revolt against millionaires. Where does Mr. Whitney come in? He represents the real plutocracy in the Standard Oil company.

Iowa is a gallant state. She comes nobly back into the Republican camp, setting an example which other states follow within the next quadrennium.

Now then let us have free trade in its most virulent form.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION.

The result of the Presidential contest can be stated very briefly: Cleveland is elected; the Democratic free trade party has triumphed; the new House is largely Democratic, and the Senate will be of that political faith after March 4.

The long years of falsification, of preaching a political millennium to the credulous multitudes, have at last borne fruit. The people of the United States are to-day exactly in the position of that Athenian who, when the question of the ostracism of Aristides was before the citizens for decision, asked a man whom he did not know, but who was Aristides himself, to inscribe that name upon the shell which he intended to vote. The statesman asked him what grievance he had against the man whom he proposed to banish. The reply was that he had none, but was tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just."

So with a large number of American citizens just now. They were tired of hearing the Republican party extolled as the conservator of the best interests of the nation. They are reckless of what may come from a transfer of uncontrolled power to the Democracy, and are only anxious for "a change."

It is in obedience to a well-known law that a pendulum, drawn to the extremity of its arc on one side, when released, will swing just as far on the other side. The war for the preservation of the Union was the irresistible force which swung the mighty pendulum of the popular will to the extreme limit of the arc. With the triumphant outcome of that mighty struggle, this supreme force was removed. The tendency has been, for the past twenty years—that is to say, since 1872—toward the other extreme. Various issues have served as hindrances, and hitherto prevented the full swing to the other end. This year they did not prevail, and the swing is made.

But the hour of the Democratic party's triumph is also its hour of doom. If it dares to carry out its wildcat money scheme, as promised the people in the Chicago platform, it will meet with disaffection in the West and South. If it carries out the policy outlined in the tariff plank of its platform, it will rouse the workingmen to a realization of the incredible folly of which they have been guilty, and be hurled from power as soon as a general election gives these deceived citizens the opportunity. If it does not fulfill that promise, the farmers of the West and the planters of the South will wreak their vengeance upon it. Its tergiversation has placed it in the predicament of the gentleman who found himself located between the devil and the deep sea.

This result is inevitable with a party which reaches power through false methods. The Democracy has committed the error of pursuing a policy of negation. It has condemned without stint any and every measure emanating from a Republican source, without having the ability or the statesmanship to frame a wiser policy. It has been driven to the advocacy of theoretical makeshifts, which are sure to prove less advantageous, when put to the test of practice, than the policies they antagonized. Hence we look, with the full assurance that our anticipations will be realized, for a complete discrediting of the Democratic party in its attempts to remodel the economic and fiscal systems under which the United States has grown so marvellously within the past thirty years.

The Republican party of the nation is defeated, but it is not destroyed. It is a party of principles, not of makeshifts. It can afford to to wait for the certain vindication which must come when the people have had a full exhibition of the lack of business capacity on the part of the Democracy. That party's lease of uncontrolled power can not be long—unless the people of the North submit to the introduction of the election methods which have rendered the name of Southern Democracy a hissing and a reproach to every honest man.

Hill worked for Cleveland, after all.

Men are often greater in defeat than in victory, and President Harrison is an example.

The Republican party will lay down the burden of national responsibility on March 4 next, then calmly sit down and watch the blundering of the Democracy.

Mercier, the ex-premier of the Province of Quebec, has been acquitted of the charge of embezzlement. He will undoubtedly again become an active leader in Canadian politics. Mercier is scarcely likely to ever become again just what he before his fall. Then he was the "boss" of Quebec and acted as if he were its king. Now he must win back his old control if he can, in face of the Catholic hierarchy, who have no further use for him. Mercier is in Canadian political parlance a Liberal, but from the American point of view is the most intense of Ultramontanes, seeking advice from the Vatican and obeying its orders. In the height of his power, he was more Catholic than the Pope.

The People's party did faithful work as a Democratic annex, both North and South. In the latter they voted the Democratic ticket, in the North took votes away from the Republicans. They will now find out what Democratic ingratitude is.

Whitelaw Reid has now a vivid illustration of the fact that a faithful editor is always a poor candidate. If he does his duty to the people, he necessarily makes enemies, and they rejoice at the opportunity for revenge.

There are several thousand gentlemen in Washington who are fervently of the opinion that a man is a big fool to take a government clerkship instead of going into private business, free from the mutations of politics.

The United States Senate will be Democratic after March 4. The tail and horns go with the hide.

If there's any other little thing the Democratic party wants, will it please name it?

LETTERS FROM JAPAN.

THE EDITOR OF THE BLADE

Is Now Travelling in That Country—A Series of Illustrated Letters to be Given the Blade's Readers.

As we have previously announced, Mr. Robinson Locke, editor of The Blade, is now travelling in Japan, to which country he went in order to write a series of letters to this paper, fully descriptive of the "Land of the Cherry Blossom" and its queer people. This series of letters will be a striking feature of The Blade's pages for the next few months, and will of themselves alone be worth more than the small cost of a year's subscription. Mr. Locke is accompanied by his wife, mother and brother; and he takes with him letters from the State department at Washington, which will secure a cordial welcome in the highest circles, both official and social, of the Empire of Japan.

Mr. Locke is an excellent descriptive writer, and his letters will be eminently readable. His style is clear and vivid, and his work reminds one of that of Bayard Taylor. He is especially happy in noting those points which are strange or novel in the life or customs of people. It may interest those who have read "Nasby in Exile" to quote the closing paragraph from the preface to the original edition of "Nasby in Exile:"

It is only justice to say that much of the descriptive matter is the work of Mr. Robinson Locke, who was with me every minute of the time, and the intelligent reader will be perfectly safe in ascribing the best of its pages to his pen.

D. R. LOCKE.

June, 29, 1882.

This series of letters will not only describe Japan, its people, etc., but will give special attention to many points ordinarily neglected in books of travels, yet exactly those things which people who have never visited that country would find most interesting. For example:

Do you know that the ordinary building material for houses in Japan is bamboo—and consequently that they are entirely different from our houses? Mr. Locke's letters will describe Japanese houses, their mode of construction, their furniture, etc.

Do you know what crops Japanese farmers raise—how they cultivate the ground, when their harvest is, what implements they use, what food they live upon? This series will tell you.

Do you have any idea how a Japanese lady manages the household, how she makes or receives calls, what her and her family's amusements are? In short, do you know anything about social life among this queer people? Read Mr. Locke's letters, and you will find out.

Have you any definite knowledge of the religious beliefs of the Japanese, their strange forms of worship, their holidays, or whether they have anything corresponding to our Sabbath? These letters will interest you by giving information on these points.

We might fill a column or two with these queries. We mention the above only to give you some idea of the scope of Mr. Locke's series. Each letter will be

Illustrated From Photographs Taken on the Spot.

and thus prove doubly interesting. Don't fail to renew your subscription promptly, so as to obtain the whole complete. As soon as the first letter of the series, which will be entitled

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN,"

the photographs accompanying it will be engraved, and the publication will begin.

Renew your subscription to The Blade at once!

WHY WAIT TWO YEARS?

For once the leading papers of the Democratic and Republican parties are in accord. They agree that the popular verdict at the November election being recorded in favor of a trial of the free trade system, no time should be lost in making the change. The Blade has already suggested that the Democratic House of the present Congress formulate such a bill and pass it; that the Republicans of the Senate allow it to pass, and President Harrison permit it to become a law under the provision of the federal constitution, which declares that if the President shall retain a bill longer than ten days, without either vetoing or signing it, it shall become a law without his signature. If this be not done, then we think Mr. Cleveland should call an extra session of Congress as soon after his inauguration as he can do so.

In advocating promptitude in the enactment of a free trade law, The Blade does not abandon its belief in protection; nor have we any ulterior partisan motive in it. We urge it simply in the interest of the industrial and commercial world. The people have decreed free trade. Every sensible man knows that the McKinley bill will be repealed and a new measure passed, on a tariff for revenue basis. No one knows what changes will be made. Hence there will be doubt and uncertainty so long as the present status continues. Manufacturers will not accumulate large stocks of goods for the future, fearing loss. They will curtail production, and in many cases reduce the number of employes. Merchants, wholesale and retail, will endeavor to get rid of the reserve stocks now on hand of all goods which may be affected by tariff changes, and will be chary of giving orders for future delivery. Already we know of cases where men are trimming sail as a measure of precaution. This will go on increasingly. The effect will be distinctly unfavorable upon many branches of trade and manufacture.

Why, then, prolong this condition of uncertainty and business derangement one day longer than necessary? Let us get to the new order of things as speedily as we can. Is there any reason why not?

The free traders say protection is injuring the masses, the workingmen and the farmer. If they are correct, then the "burden" should be removed at once. If they are wrong, let the people find out the blunder they have committed speedily, that they may rectify it.

We have no fear of the outcome of the experiment, if the Democrats keep the pledge of the Chicago platform. Free trade will be execrated from one end of the land to the other, and the men who rode into power on this fad will be overthrown.

Ersatus T. Beadle—the Beadle of dime-novel fame—has been elected to Congress from one of the New York districts. Tammany's literary capacity is not above the dime-novel level.

Now let us have a dose of square free trade. The people have demanded it, and they ought to have it. Nothing will so speedily convince them that they are fools.

Long may the Republican party live. Four years from now the whole country will rise in one body and say it is the only right party.

LET US HAVE A TRIAL OF FREE TRADE.

The Blade advocates the protective policy, because it believes that it is the best for the United States. There is no moral question involved in the tariff issue. It is entirely a question of national policy. We believe that the nation needs diversity of industries; that it is better that its inhabitants shall follow all possible avocations than that they should follow simply agriculture and the production of raw materials. No strictly agricultural nation ever became great; none ever made a name in history. Yet, had a free trade policy been pursued in this country from the organization of the government, the United States would be practically nothing but an agricultural nation to-day.

Every man knows that the federal government must have money to pay its expenses. And everybody, save a few cranks, agrees that a large share of this money must be raised by duties on imports—that is, a tariff. About 220 million dollars must be raised every year in this way. The division between the parties is entirely as to what imports shall bear these duties.

The Republican party, in the Minneapolis platform, declared that articles which we do not or cannot produce should come in free; and that duties, which shall, as near as possible, be equal to the difference in the labor cost of these articles abroad and at home, shall be levied upon imported articles of the kinds which we do produce.

The Democrats, in the Chicago platform, declared that a protective policy is unconstitutional, pledged themselves to wipe out all protective duties, and to raise the money needed by the government by duties laid for revenue only. This is England's plan of raising revenue from imports, and is what is meant by "free trade."

There is no doubt that the verdict of the people, at the late election, is in favor of the Democratic programme. The very people whose means of subsistence is due to the protective system—the workingmen in the cities—voted against it and in favor of free trade. The Blade believes the have been deceived and led astray. We think they are sincere, but mistaken, in their belief that free trade is better than protection. The best way of deciding the question is to make an actual test. The sooner this is done, the better it will be for the country. We do not wish to put any obstacle in the way of the experiment. On the contrary, we hope the necessary legislation will be put through very promptly. If the House of the present Congress, when it meets in December, sees fit to formulate a general tariff bill on free trade lines, and pass it, we should hope to see the Republicans in the Senate allow it to pass, and President Harrison allow it to become a law, not by signing it, but by holding it for the ten days allowed by the constitution—after which it becomes a law without his signature. Failing this, we hope Mr. Cleveland will call a special session of the Fifty-third Congress as soon as possible after his inauguration, for this purpose.

If free trade be better than protection, we can not make the change any too soon. If, as we believe, the people have erred, that error can not be shown too soon. Let us, then, have the change made as soon as it is at all possible. The people have decreed it, and we bow to their will.

We have no doubt of the result. There will come a period of gradually increasing stagnation this winter. Wholesale merchants and jobbers will purchase as little of goods from manufacturers as possible; for they know a change in the tariff is decreed, and will not be caught napping, with large stocks on hand. Retail dealers will do the same thing. Manufacturers will thus have a smaller demand, and decrease their output, so as not to have a stock on hand when the change comes. There will be less work done by manufacturers, and consequently many idle hands this winter.

This stagnation will steadily extend, for a wise sailor takes in sail when a storm is coming. Reductions of wages will come as soon as a reduction of the tariff is made, and there will be strikes which necessarily will fail. The outlook is not pleasant; but the people have voted for lower tariff on manufactured goods, and that necessarily implies lower wages. And within two years we believe the people will have an object-lesson that will last them for the next generation or two.

OUR SECOND SERIAL.

This Time by a Western Writer—A Very Bright Story of Arizona Life.

As soon as Mr. Bacheller's serial—which will be a short one—is completed, we shall begin the publication of a story, written expressly for The Blade, and printed in no other periodical, entitled

"A DAZZLING SCHEME,"

By Will Lisenbee, a rising Western author. It is entirely different in style from any serial we have lately published, and we believe it will be thoroughly appreciated by every reader. Its action moves very rapidly, and it is replete with startling and unexpected incidents. The scene is laid in Arizona, the characters being types of the heterogeneous civilization of our Southwestern border—Americans and Mexicans, lawyers and rancheros, etc. The turning point of the plot is decidedly novel, and we can promise our readers some very pleasant hours in perusing "A Dazzling Scheme."

Chas. H. Hoyt, the playwriter, was elected to the New Hampshire legislature. He will now write a play on the experience of a lone Democrat in a Republican house.

As Horace Boies fought Cleveland more desperately than Hill at Chicago, it is a question whether he will be in the Cabinet or stay in Iowa.

The Western farmers who have been believing the calamity howlers will now hold their wheat for $1.50 per bushel after March 4 next.

Another new comet has been discovered, making six visible in the skies the present year. This does not include the free trade comet.

The silver men carried Colorado, but there will be no free coinage of silver at the present ratio of 16 to 1. Mark that.

The situation of the Democrats reminds one of the title of Bulwer's novel, "What Will He Do With It?"

"New men at the helm" must be the Republican watchword.

We now know exactly where we are at.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Ther are two factors which enter into the question of the success or the failure of a party in a national election. One is the platform that it champions; the other the men who are made its standard-bearers. The principles of a party may be popular or unpopular with the masses for the time being, but that does not affect their soundness; for the people may abandon the truth to follow a glittering fallacy. A leader, however, may be either a strength or a weakness to a party. His personal character may be such as to draw men to him as with hooks of steel: or it may be negative, exciting neither enthusiasm nor adhesion.

The Republican party during the campaign just closed, has suffered from two causes—a popular misconception of its stand upon the tariff issue, and, to some extent, from a lack of leadership of the kind which fills the rank and file with enthusiastic vim. The tariff position of the party has been misconceived by the masses through the ceaseless iteration of charges of "high tariff," "McKinleyism," and similar catch-words. Perhaps it may be, to some extent, the fault of the Republican press and orators that the clear and emphatic definition of the measure of the tariff, made by the Minneapolis convention, was not more strongly emphasized. That declaration was as follows:

We believe that all articles which cannot be produced in the United States, except luxuries, should be admitted free of duty; and that on all imports coming into competition with the products of American labor there should be levied duties equal to the difference between wages abroad and at home.

The position on the tariff embraced in the above has been that The Blade has always maintained. Its readers will recall that, before the Minneapolis convention, this paper strongly urged that the platform should define its position in these terms; and it was so done, through the efforts of a number of leading delegates, including Messrs. Foraker and McKinley, of Ohio.

That declaration bound the Republican party, had it been given control of Congress and of the Presidency at this election, to apply that rule to all dutiable imports. Our wage-scale is higher than that existing in any other country. Were there no duty upon an imported article of the same kinds as we make here, nothing can be more clear than that our manufacturers would either have to shut up their factories, or cut the wages of labor to the rate paid by their foreign competitors. For the maintenance of our wage-scale, no less duty than that stated in the above quotation would be adequate. That rate would put the home manufacturer and the foreign one on the same level. No charge that such a duty fosters trusts or combines could be maintained.

On the other hand the Democrats will either have to ignore their platform utterance on the tariff, and maintain protection upon very many imported articles which compete with home manufactures, or else impose a revenue duty upon coffee, tea, sugar, and other necessities of life which now come in free under the present tariff law. If they do the former, they will thus admit that the Republican position on the tariff is sound. If they do the latter, the voters who mistakenly but sincerely believe that the present tariff is onerous, will disagreeably realize that "a tariff for revenue only" is a heavier burden than a protective tariff.

There is no doubt that the main cause of the Republican reverse was the tariff issue, and the erronous belief of the masses that, in some unexplained way, "a tariff for revenue" will benefit them. But a secondary cause lay in the indifference of a large section of the Republican party toward its leaders. This will be corrected by the election itself. Of course, Mr. Blaine is permanently out of politics, and has been since he resigned the secretaryship of State. President Harrison is retired as the result of this contest, and we are inclined to believe that it will be a mistake to consider him as a Presidential quality at any time in the future. Gov. McKinley is the Ohio victim of the defeat. The result in this state is a surprise to us, we confess, but it means that McKinley is condemned by the Republicans of his own state. The Republican party must reorganize, choose new chiefs, and prepare to go into the battle next year to retrieve lost ground.

NOVEMBER EXPIRATIONS.

Those of our readers whose time expires in November will be interested in reading the two valuable premium offers made in this issue.

We refer, first, to the two elegant "Columbus" pictures, which we offer elsewhere to November subscribers. Bear in mind we give TWO pictures and The Weekly Blade one year for $1.00.

Second, we refer to the premium book, "Nasby in Exile," given away to those who renew in November. We have printed a third edition of this book, which is now ready for our subscribers who prefer it. Those wanting a copy should not delay.

Our November subscribers may have the two pictures, a copy of "Nasby in Exile" and The Weekly Blade for one year, for $1.25. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

A Waltham or an Elgin watch is the same the world over. It is not only most beautiful and artistic in appearance, but is sure of being an excellent time keeper. The prices at which we sell them range from 25 to 50 per cent less than the same watches can be bought through any other channel. Our $20 watch readily sells at from $28 to $30 in the regular way. There is no difference in a set of these works of the same grade, no matter where they are bought. The great concerns turn out no poor work. You are permitted to keep the watch three days, submit it to an expert, and take any reasonable means to acquaint yourself with its value. If it does not come up to representations in all respects, and a good deal more, return it promptly and get your money back.

It is singular to note that the men so far urged for high preferment under Cleveland, by the Democratic press, are millionaires—"monopolists" and "plutocrats." There is fun coming!

Hippolyte's alertness prevented another revolution at Cape Haytien. Hip appears not only to know where he is at, but what his enemies are at also.

The Democrats are now in the agreeable situation of the gentleman who drew the elephant in the lottery. What will they do with it?

Mr. Cleveland, get ready to call an extra session of Congress!

Governor Ike Gray may now get the postmaster generalship.

A FULFILLED PROPHECY.

Readers of The Blade will recall our serial, published during the summer of 1890, entitled "Uncle Sam in 1894." It was a story which embraced political prophecies concerning the United States up to 1894.

The recent election has most astonishingly verified the prophecies of the story concerning it. In that story, written in the spring of 1890, the renomination and re-election of Cleveland this year are foretold; the states, usually Republican, which went Democratic last week, are named with remarkable accuracy; the extent of the Farmers' Alliance movement is set down closely; the issues on which this year's election turned are set down as the tariff, the currency, and "no negro domination"—that is, the Force bill—with a predience that is marvelous. In short, the predictions made in that story two years ago are closely fulfilled by the results of this year's election.

Will the predictions of the story for the next two years be fulfilled in so remarkable manner?

The Blade does not know. The author of the story has been for years a very close observer of politics, and he wrote what he believed to be the inevitable result of the trend of American politics. He believes to-day that the remainder of his prophecy will prove as true as that portion relating to 1892.

Turn back your files of the Weekly Blade, and read the story again. It will prove doubly interesting now.

RUM IN KANSAS.

The Democratic victory in the state of Kansas causes the saloon element in that state to rejoice. As every one knows, the prohibition amendment to the constitution of that state was submitted to the people by a Republican legislature, and that the legislation for carrying it out was also the work of the Republican party. Prohibition is effective in the rural districts and smaller towns of the state, but in the larger cities it has been openly defied. As a means of compelling its observance, a law was passed several years ago by a Republican legislature, establishing a police commission system. This law took the control of the police of the cities out of the hands of the mayors, vesting it in a board of commissioners. It was passed to meet the open defiance of the prohibitory laws in Atchison, Leavenworth and Wichita, which had Democratic mayors whose sympathies were with the liquor element, and who would not use the police powers in their hands for the enforcement of prohibition.

The newly-elected Democratic governor of Kansas, L. D. Lewelling, it is said, promised the Democrats of these cities that he would wipe out the police commission system, if elected. It appears that the governor has the power to do this, if he shall choose. Lewelling's election has thus created consternation among the opponents of the liquor traffic. Already men are getting ready to open saloons in Topeka, the state capital. Lewelling was in that city on the 11th, three days after the election, and said that either the joints should be closed in Wichita, Leavenworth and other cities, or they should be allowed to run in Topeka, and as public sentiment was against their closing in those cities, the same freedom should be granted in Topeka. These words gave the Topeka liquor men unalloyed delight.

Two saloons were opened in Fort Scott on the 12th, as the result of Lewelling's election. The police commissioners of that city met the same evening, and agreed to resign their positions and to desist from further execution of the law. They announced through the press that they believe the election of Lewelling for governor on an anti-prohibition platfrom to be demonstrative of the fact that a majority of the people are averse to the present system of liquor legislation. The Fort Scott commissioners have always more strictly enforced the law than the officers of any other city in Kansas, and their refusal to further prosecute has been a most disagreeable surprise to the friends of prohibition.

The triumph of Lewelling, who ran on an anti-prohibition platform, is said to have greatly angered the Republicans, whose platform indorsed prohibition, because the political Prohibitionists are directly responsible for his election. They polled about 5,000 votes in the state; and had these been cast for Smith, the Republican candidate, he would have been elected. The Topeka capital, in its Saturday issue, said:

If the Democratic allies of the People's party seem to have won an empty triumph, what shall be said of the third party Prohibitionists of Kansas, who polled enough votes to have assured the success of the Republican party, the only party in Kansas that has maintained the prohibitory principle? The third party fanatics seem to have rendered the defeat of the Republican ticket possible by voting for their impossible and preposterous state and national party. They have greatly injured prohibition in Kansas, not only electing state officials not in sympathy with the law, but by defeating the Republican party, and thereby offending thousands of Republicans who have tacitly supported prohibition because it was a party shibboleth.

Every true friend of prohibition must regret that the maintenance of prohibition in Kansas was sacrificed by the political Prohibitionists of that state for the sake of adhering to their political party. They care more, apparently, for partisanship than for prohibition. We regret excessively the present status as to this law in Kansas. We can only point to the conditions there existing as affording an illustration of wht we have so often urged—that an amendment or a law is idle unless backed by the sentiment of the people: that the fostering of this sentiment by the education of the people up to a knowledge of the manifold evils, physical, moral and financial, of the rum habit, is necessary; and that all efforts should be put into this line of popular education. Disregard of this all-important fact in Kansas has led to a status which threatens failure of the effort, through prohibition, to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Those who, like The Blade, believe the protective system to be the best for the country, will plant themselves serenely on that portion of the Minneapolis plank which defines the proper measure of protection, and wait the result of a free trade experiment to bring the nation round to their position. It will come.

Ohio is not for free trade. She will take her place in the Republican ranks, solid as a rock once more. Iowa went wandering away some time ago, but came back this year, and her Congressional delegation is nearly unanimously Republican. Ohio will be in line next fall, if the men at the head of the Republican party do their duty.

The battle of ballots is now over, and the next question to be decided is, whether the Democrats will make this nation industrially tributary to Europe, or maintain its independence?

DOES YOUR TIME EXPIRE IN NOVEMBER?

We have in store for our readers next year many things of great value and importance, not only in the line of department features, bright serials, and other literary improvements, but announcements of importance to those who desire articles of worth and utility in connection with the paper.

The majority of those of our subscribers whose time expires in November have already renewed under our coupon offer. To all others, we make the following offer, for the month of November only. We have just secured a few hundred copies of two elegant pictures, which we shall offer free to those subscribers who renew during November. These pictures are true copies of:

First, "The Landing of Columbus," the original of which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Second, "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," the original of which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city.

The copies which we offer are printed on plate paper, size 17 by 24 inches. In detail of execution, they are wonderfully correct, and in color are exact reproductions of the originals. These two pictures should be in the homes of every American citizen. There is just now a wonderful interest in the history of the times of Columbus, and these two pictures are copies of the only paintings in America of those historic times. They would retail in any art store at one dollar each. Buying them in quantities, as we do, at 25 cents each, either one of them would be an elegant premium in connection with the Weekly Blade at one dollar.

But we propose, during the month of November, to present a copy of both of these pictures to every subscriber whose time expires in November, who sends us $1 for his renewal.

No other papers in the United States will this season make so good a premium offer as ours. We do not promise to extend this offer beyond November, because it is uncertain whether we can obtain these pictures for any length of time. One reason for making this offer is that we are determined to secure the renewal of every Blade subscriber whose time expires in November.

In addition to this, we have just had printed and bound a THIRD EDITION of the premium book, "Nasby in Exile," announced in another column, having already exhausted 10,000 copies in renewals for the past three months. Those of our November subscribers who do not care for the coupon offer, or the above picture offer, may have a copy of "Nasby in Exile" in connection with their renewal at $1 during November.

Or, during the month of November only, those who will send us $1.25 for their renewal of the subscription to The Blade, may have BOTH the above pictures, AND ALSO a copy of "Nasby in Exile," as well as the Weekly Blade for one year.

Please bear in mind that these offers are for November only. What we shall do beyond November, depends entirely upon our arrangements for supplies. We are quite certain November will exhaust our stock of pictures, and we shall be unlikely to print another edition of "Nasby in Exile." It would be very remarkable, we think, if as many as a dozen of our subscribers whose time expires in November should refuse to renew their subscriptions under one of the various remarkable offers for renewal that appear in this week's paper; and, as a matter of curiosity, we should be glad to have a postal card from the very few who may decide not to renew in November, giving their reasons for not doing so.

REGULATIONS AT THE FAIR.

The dedication of the World's Fair buildings at Chicago taught the public a lesson. There was too much rapacity on the part of that city, and too little of the so-called "Western hospitality" which has been her pride and boast. The Chicagoan is very human, and very much of a money-grabber.

He wants cash and lots of it, and wants it on the spot, and the fairer it comes the more joy there is in Chicago. But the landlords and boarding-house keepers must learn that the visitor from the East or West is not legitimate prey to be plucked, but a guest to be decently treated. There was a feeling of disgust after the Democratic convention in June, at the open-handed robbery by landlords, and it only increased in geometrical ratio at the October celebration exercises.

There is evident need of hotel regulation, of stipulated prices and a censorship of hotels, which however unwelcome in Chicago, would be eminently pleasing to the people at large. Regulation of such matters has become necessary because of the displayed rapacity of landlords on former occasions.

Banditi are just as bad when made up of an army of smoothly shaven hotel clerks, as a crowd of be-turbaned Greeks or Spaniards. The city of Chicago should regulate itself and its hotels.

George May Powell, of Philadelphia, president of the Arbitration council, said, in a recent address before the Board of Trade managers in Chicago, that "it's impossible to estimate the value of the savings bank to labor and capital. The man with even a small sum in savings will not throw bombs or carry the red flag." He cites the case of an office girl on small salary, who felt that her income was so meager that she could not save. A little over two years ago a friend started an account for her with $5. She has since made it over $300. Thrift and economy point the road to wealth, and the person who possesses them never drifts off into anarchistic fads.

The Chicago Post, Democratic, apparently thinks Wm. C. Whitney should be secretary of State. As the representative of the largest monopoly in the country, the Standard Oil Trust, the farmers and workingmen who have voted this year with the Democrats would be highly delighted at his being given the chief place in Cleveland's Cabinet, of course.

The free traders are urging an extra session of Congress immediately after the 4th of March. Quick returns are certainly desirable in this case. It is best to tear things up in the summer season, when walking is good. The Republicans should do nothing to interfere with the carrying out of the free trade programme.

The outcome of the Presidential election has demoralized the iron trade. Orders for steel for use in tin plate factories are countermanded.

Probably Wayne MacVeagh would not object to a Cabinet seat as the price of his repeated flopping into the Democratic ranks.

Michigan will have a new and honest apportionment now.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Butter is good for the brain.

Kansas is said to have seven negro editors.

Rubber-tired omnibuses will be tried in London.

Natural gas has been struck near Matoon, Ills.

Fast sailing yachts will be built of aluminum.

German cavalry horses are to be shod with paper shoes.

Sherman, Tex., has a $90,000 jail from which ten prisoners lately escaped by sawing through iron bars with a 35-cent file.

The Czar's personal expenses are $9,000,000 a year, which is $6,250,000 more than Russia's annual appropriation for common schools.

An ingenious Indianan has invented a plow in which an auger or screw mould board is operated by means of a drive wheel in the rear.

The amount on deposit with savings' banks in 1891 equaled $1,654,826,142; of their loans, investments and cash on hand, $1,824,790,504.

A negro digging on his farm in Liberty county, Georgia, recently, found an old pot containing $4,000 in old French and Spanish silver coins.

"A chute, measuring three-quarters of a mile in length, in the logging camp at Clayton, Ore., is described as one of the longest in the world.

The barroom of a hotel at Bordentown, N. J., is decorated with a pair of elegant chandeliers that were brought from Spain by Joseph Bonaparte.

An average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and 300 British steamers and sailing vessels are lost at sea yearly.

Porphyry boulders, which greatly resemble watermelons in size, shape and color, are to be found in the Cascade mountains, east of Roseburg, Ore.

At the head of the gulf of Rothnia there is a mountain, on the summit of which the sun shines perpetually during the five days of June 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23.

A street car in Fitchburg, fitted with steel ball bearings as an experiment, has been run for several months without being oiled since it was first put in service.

A recent test of the brick made by the dry clay process at the Watertown Arsenal showed an average compressive strength of 3972 pounds per square inch.

The Kaiser has decided that a picture of the German Empress shall be put up in every army barracks, so that soldiers shall be able to recognize her when they see her.

The peach is of Persian origin and the apricot is Syrian. The former fruit is mentioned by classical writers as early as 250 B. C., but the latter not until 30 A. D.

Mrs. Eunice Ross Davis, of Dedham, Mass., now 92 years old, is the only surviving member of the Woman's Anti-Slavery society. She is still in rather vigorous health.

In the last 20 years English engineers have built 100,000 miles of railroad, at a cost of £1,880,000,000, in various quarters of the globe, the capital being found in most cases by English companies.

W. D. Watson, of Petersburg, Va., was struck in the arm by a minnie ball at the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House. The ball was never extracted, and it is claimed that he lately coughed it up.

The New York Board of Education has taken a cautious step toward the introduction of the Froebel system by making an appropriation of $30,000 for kindergarten classes in the primary school of that city.

A Kennebunk, (Me.), lady has made pets of five field crickets. Each has a name, and seems to know it when spoken. They are peculiarly sensible to music, always chirping while any musical instrument is in use.

The latest form of steamship propeller is an English invention. It is designed so that when it moves in the water light fall of the propeller, due to the pitching of the vessel.

It is stated "on good authority" in London that the Prince of Wales will visit the Columbian Exposition next year. He will be aided in making Chicago a glorious summer by his son of York, who is to accompany him.

Notwithstanding that every year from 5,000 to 6,000 ships go up and down the river Seine, carrying 2,500,000 tons of goods, the English consul at Rouen says there is no man of this important French stream in existence.

A new method of quickly rendering glass transparent during the process of manufacture, consists in forcing into the melted materials a stream of oxygen gas, the enormous heat generated oxidizing all deleterious materials.

Kewanee, Ill., has a new malleable iron works, 100x300 feet, built of iron. The boiler works at Kewanee are being enlarged, the addition covering 25,000 square feet. The town has 6000 inhabitants and is full of industrial life.

Beaded lace is an important feature of this season's ball gown. Many young women, who don't care to pay the prices demanded for this garniture, buy some prettily flowered lace and outline each blossom with tiny seed pearls.

Cloth covered bonnets are to be much worn, the frame being smoothly covered with the cloth in place of selecting a felt shape. Round plateau shapes of thick felt cloth are shown in the milliners' supplies, and these are twisted into all sorts of coquetish bonnet shapes to suit the head.

The late Xavier Mornier, the French Academician, lived for fifty years in a dark, rat-infested Paris house with a bit of little furniture in it, but with every wall and partition lined with books. He was kind to the rats and used to have food placed where they could easily reach it.

One of the latest applications of electricity to mining operations is seen in the Metternich lead mines in Belgium. Each bucket of ore, arriving at the top of the shaft makes an electric contact, and a needle in the office indicates by a red line upon a revolving drum the number of buckets brought up.

John Brisben Walker, the magazine owner and publisher, is said to have sold recently a piece of Denver property for $2,500,000 for which less than ten years ago he paid only $1,500. Some thirteen years or so ago Mr. Walker edited a small weekly newspaper in Washington and was not overburdened with wealth.

The United States Cold Wire Rolling Co. has selected a location at Hammond, Ind., where they will commence building next month. The company is capitalized at $500,000, and will have a plant reaching with the machinery $1,500,000. They have contracts with the Bell

Publishers' Desk.

GOOD WATCHES.

It is the constant aim of The Blade to serve its subscribers at all times in such a manner that each may be benefited many times the cost of his subscription. In fact, we believe that very many thousands of The Blade's subscribers are far richer to-day by reason of being subscribers to it. At all times we offer articles of utility at less than value, and we are constantly reaching out for something new, carefully avoiding trashy and useless articles. We have been importuned by our subscribers to supply GOOD watches. After careful consideration, we have made large purchases, for cash, at such low prices that we are able to offer our subscribers the best make of American movements, in the finest gold, goldfilled, or silver cases, at much less than the regular prices.

No one but subscribers can take advantage of these extraordinary offers. By this arrangement you are enabled to purchase a watch on such terms as would be given if several thousand persons should put their money together and buy watches at the very lowest jobbers' prices, saving the profits between the manufacturers and themselves, and getting the benefits of all possible discounts by reason of the magnitude of the purchase. Every subscriber needing a watch should embrace this opportunity; and every person in such need, and not a subscriber, should put himself in a position to secure this great advantage by subscribing for the Weekly Blade at once.

We give three days' trial free. When a purchaser receives a watch, he should submit it to any expert he may select, and if at the end of three days he is not satisfied that the watch is up to the guarantee, he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches will be sent C. O. D., and no samples will be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

These offers may not continue long, and on this account subscribers should order promptly. Every person receiving a sample copy of this paper should subscribe at once, so as to be able to purchase these goods to such advantage. Below will be found descriptions and prices of a few Waltham and Elgin watches, from the many styles made of these factories, which represent the greatest value for the money. No Swiss or other cheap watches are in our lists. Do not try to order anything through the Weekly Blade except the celebrated Waltham and Elgin watches—the best ever made.

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH. MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch company has produced the most beautiful watch ever made. This watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch. We mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. This feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant-setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much exceed the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 25 years. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$12.

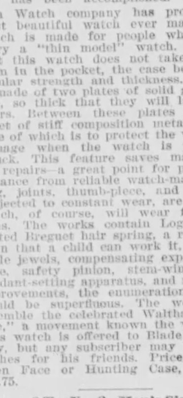
No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled watch, with Waltham or Elgin works. In the works are seven jewels and all improvements, including expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years just like solid gold. Price, by registered mail, $12.

All watches offered are stem-winders and setters.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.



Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $23. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 7—Lady's Size.

SOLID SILVER WATCH—$9.50.

No. 7 is a lady's size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, stem wind and set, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50.

All men's size watches are equally suitable for boys' wear, and all lady's size watches for girls' wear. The great Waltham and Elgin watch companies make nothing but watches of high grade and full size.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address

"THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goals. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

BEATS THE EIFFEL TOWER.

One of Nature's Freaks Found in a County of Wyoming.

One of nature's strangest freaks, one of the greatest wonders of the world, is the Devil's Tower, or, as the Sioux Indians call it, the Matee Tepee, or the Bear's Lodge, which stands on the banks of the Belle Fourche river, in a northeastern county of Wyoming. The country for 50 miles around consists of high table lands, deep canyons, and narrow, fertile valleys —nothing to indicate the possible existence of any such freak of nature.

The tower is a gigantic column, a monster obelisk of lava, which rises to a height of 1,727 feet, almost twice the height of the Eiffel tower. At the base the huge shaft measures 326 feet through in one direction. Huge crystals of the volcanic rock, measuring up to three feet through, start at the base and run unbroken to the top, giving to the column a peculiar fibrous appearance, even when viewed from the table lands forty miles away.

How did it get there? How was it made? Once in a while in the present age we have heard how portions of the bottom of one of the oceans have been pushed up by volcanic forces, and even a new island added to the charts." Ages on ages ago similar volcanic forces started a jet of lava up from the bottom of the ancient geological ocean that covered all the northwest at that time. The spurt of molten rock evidently did not break through it into the waters above, but froze, as an old man would say, in the hole it had made. The slow cooling off, the gradual loss of its fiery energy, probably lasted for many long years and gave time for the particles to arrange themselves in the huge crystals that arouse all of our astonishment to-day.—Portland Oregonian.

The "Cinnamon" Cigar.

The original "cinnamon cigar" has never been duplicated, even by the inventor. It was a brand that was made successfully but once, and those whose memories carry them back to ante-bellum days will remember that it had a tremendous run. I know the discoverer well—he is a neighbor of mine now. The way he found the "cinnamon" brand was purely accidental. A cigar-laden steamer was sunk in the river and soaked there eleven months before she was hauled to the surface. Our friend bought all the cigars on board of the resurrected craft for the price of the boxes alone. Those were the days when the law allowed cigar boxes to be used again and again.. When he opened the boxes the cigars were found whole yet, despite their soaking of eleven months. He began to experiment with them, to see if he could not save them. Finally he dipped them in saltpetre solution to harden them, and rubbed cinnamon oil upon them to restore their color. He then sold them under the name of "cinnamon cigars." He made $5,000 on that boat load, and when they gave out found that he had a big trade. But though he tried for years to make cinnamon cigars like the first, he never succeeded.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All the Fixings.

Guest—"Bah! Is this filtered water?"

Chicago Waiter—"Yes, sir."

Guest—"Phew! Give me some unfiltered, then."

Waiter (coolly to cook)—"Glass of unfiltered water and a spoon."—New York Weekly.

Must Throw Up His Hands.

"Are you pressed for money now?"

"No," replied Fogg, "that all gone by long ago. When Mrs. F. wants money now she just demands it."—Boston Transcript.

A Sound Sleeper.

The Rev. Mr. Drowsie—By the way, I observed on Sunday last that you got up suddenly before the sermon was over. I was deeply pained, and hope you can offer some explanation.

Theological Student—Oh, yes, sir; ever since I was a boy I have been a somnambulist—Life.

Proverbial Philosophy.

If I were a worm and had to turn,
As worms will do, I hear,
It seems to me that I'd turn and flee
Ere the early bird came near.
—Puck.

Something New.

Merchant—What's the matter with your writing this morning—new pen?

Bookkeeper—No, sir."

"New ink?"

"No, sir."

"What then?"

"Neuralgia."—New York Weekly.

Paradoxical.

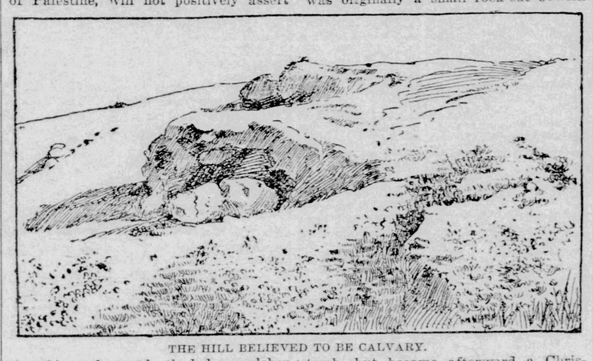
Life is made up of paradoxes. The restaurant keeper who never purchases anything but the cheapest clothing and seldom has a new suit oftener than once in ten years has a supreme contempt for the customer who dines off a five-cent sandwich and a glass of water.—Boston Transcript.

CHRIST'S REAL SEPULCHER

"THE PLACE OF THE SKULL."

The Hill Outside Jerusalem Supposed by Gordon to be the Real Calvary, and the Site of Our Savior's Tomb.

Some discussion has arisen among learned Palestine topographers and Biblical archaeologists with regard to the ancient tomb outside the Damascus gate of Jerusalem, believed by the late General Gordon to be the actual sepulchre of Christ, which it is now proposed to purchase and to preserve as an object of Christian veneration. There are weighty opinions on both sides of the controversy. Major C. R. Conder, R. E., whose labors and records of the English Palestine fund exploration survey render him a high authority, considers "that there is not only no reason to suppose that this tomb is the real site of the tomb of Christ, but that there is every reason to suppose that it did not exist in the time of our Lord at all." Rev. Canon H. B. Tristram, F. R. S., whose reputation stands high as an authority regarding the geographical antiquities of Palestine, will not positively assert



THE HILL BELIEVED TO BE CALVARY.

that this tomb must be the holy sepulcher but thinks that its site answers the required conditions as no other site does; and there is no proof in support of Major Conder's opinion that this tomb is of the ninth century after Christ.

A committee, of which Henry A. Campbell and John Murray are leading promoters has appealed to the English public for subscriptions to the amount of £6,000, to buy the inclosed piece of land—about four acres—now for sale at the price of £4,000, to lay it out as a garden, to put the tomb in order, and to provide for its proper care and keeping. The archbishop of Canterbury, several bishops and many influential clergymen have expressed their cordial approval.

The tomb is distant only two hundred and thirty feet from the summit of the knoll or little hill called El Heydhimiyeh, "Jeremiah's Grotto," the shape of which hillock has a striking resemblance to the form of a skull; the "Golgotha, or Calvary, which Canon Tristram, in 1858, suggested as the probable site of the crucifixion, arguing chiefly from its position as just outside the gate of Samaria, the only direct exit from the Roman governor's court, the Castle of Antonine. The only tomb yet found in the vicinity which can be deemed as old as the date of the crucifixion is situated rather farther west, and has now become the property of Dominican friars. But it is contended that this tomb cannot be said to be "in the place where Jesus was crucified," or sufficiently close to it to answer the statement in the New Testament narrative; but this may be affirmed of the "Garden Tomb" which it is proposed to purchase.

Herr Schick, who has resided many years at Jerusalem, devoting himself the study of its antiquities, has written of the one now in question: "The tomb was originally a small rock-cut Jewish

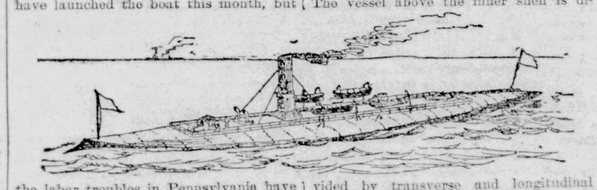
A RAM FOR DEFENSE

THE NEW AMERICAN VESSEL.

Now Building at Bath, Maine—She Will Soon be Added to the United States Navy, For Defense Work.

Another vessel that will be a valuable addition to the United States navy is under course of construction at the Bath, Me., Iron Works. She is called the Ammen defense ram, and she is the first boat of this type ordered by the government. A good illustration of the ram from Seaboard is reproduced below.

It was the intention of the builders to have launched the boat this month, but



the labor troubles in Pennsylvania have caused considerable delay. Work on her has progressed so well, however, that she could be ready on short notice if necessary. Her principal dimensions are: Length extreme, 251 feet; beam, 43 feet 5 inches; draught, 15 feet; displacement, about 2,185 tons. The conning tower armor is of steel, 18 inches thick; the deck armor at the side is 6 inches thick. At the center it is two inches. The smoke stack and ventilator armor is 6 inches thick.

The new boat is to be lighted with electricity throughout, and she will be submerged to fighting trim by means of Kingston valves in the various water-tight compartments. Artificial air is to be supplied on the exhaust system. The foul air is to be withdrawn by fans, and the fresh air supplied through ducts connected with the armored ventilators. The force draft system will consist of two blowers for each fire-room. There will also be steam reversing gear, ash-hoist, turning engines, auxiliary pumps, engine-room ventilating fans and distilling apparatus.

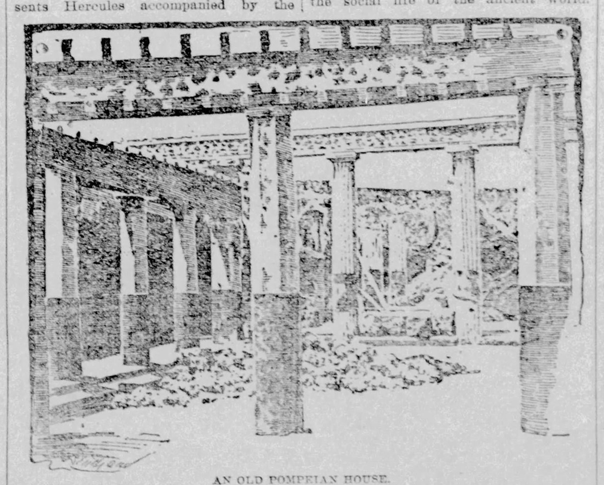
"The vessel," says Seaboard, "is being constructed with a double bottom the entire length, two feet between the shells, and divided into numerous cells. The framing is on the longitudinal system, and great strength is given to the structure by the longitudinals and girders being continued from stem to stern. The vertical keel, four of the longitudinal frames and the armor shelves are to be water-tight. At every twenty feet the transverse frames are also to be water-tight, so that the space between the outer and inner shells is divided into more than 75 water-tight compartments. The vessel above the inner shell is divided by transverse and longitudinal bulkheads into 32 water-tight compartments, making in all about 100 compartments.

The engines are to be of the horizontal, double-duplex, triple-expansion type, withe ylinders 36 and 56 inches diameter and 36 inches stroke. The indicated horse-power will be 4,800 at 150 revolutions a minute. Each engine will have an auxiliary condenser, with combined air and circulating pump. The boat will have two double-ended boilers 13 feet 6 inches diameter, by 11 feet 6 inches long, and one single ended boiler of the same dimensions, all for a working pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch.

A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

Recently Uncovered in the Excavations Going on at Pompeii.

The excavations at Pompeii are being steadily pushed on, and have lately resulted in the discovery of a house in the second ward of the fifth district which is very remarkable from an architectural point of view. The columns of the peristyle are partly round and partly octagonal. The columns of the atrium, which is seen in the background, are four in number, and are partly round and partly covered with carvings plastered with stucco. The Corinthian capitals of these pillars were thrown from their places by the weight of the ashes and scoriae during the eruption, but they have now been excavated, and are being replaced in their original positions. Only one fresco was discovered in good condition. It represents Hercules accompanied by the



AN OLD POMPEIAN HOUSE.

Erymanthian boar which he had to bring alive to Eurystheus as his fourth labor. In some of the rooms paintings representing groups of pygmies and other mythological subjects have been discovered, but they are all in a very bad state of preservation. On the other hand, the inlaid pavements are in excellent condition, and some of them are remarkably fine. The excavations which are now being carried out are directed to the discovery of the principal entrance, which in all probability opened into the street of Mercury. Iron supports have been specially arranged to preserve the peristyle in its ancient state, and to preserve it from bad weather the roof has been repaired with tiles made exactly like those still remaining. The lower half of a pair of folding doors has been successfully reproduced in plaster.

Pompeii's remains are among the richest from the archaeologist's standpoint in the world. These treasures were first brought prominently into notice in 1748, when several statues and other objects of antiquity were exhumed in sinking a well. Charles III. of Naples, ordered excavations on an extensive scale, and in 1755 the amphitheatre was uncovered. His successors including Victor Emanuel, have continued the work from time to time, until a large part of Pompeii has been brought to light. The city thus partially exhumed is of incalculable importance from the insight which it has afforded into the domestic economy, the arts and the social life of the ancient world. The light and friable character of the volcanic deposits which overlaid it has preserved from decay the objects of most importance to modern archaeologists, and the interiors of private and public dwellings have been found undisturbed, save by the original owners, who in many instances returned after the eruption had subsided to search for articles of value and also, probably, for the bodies of relatives and friends. The latter supposition seems to be proved by the fact that comparatively few skeletons have been discovered, while, according to Dion Cassius, the loss of life was considerable.

A SILENT FRIEND.

My dear old pipe!
My corn-cob pipe!
Come here, old fellow, once again!
Your patient, silent constancy
Will soothe my brain.

My dear old pipe!
My corn-cob pipe!
Reproaches never fall from you!
You need no explanations
For whate'er I do!

But calm and still,
You lie until
I turn myself to take you up!
Then pacifying pictures curl
From out your cup.
—Arthur Henry.

Turkish Proverbs.

Don't take a wife during the holiday season, and don't buy a horse in bad weather.

Two knives cannot find room in one sheath or two loves in one heart.

When you are buying a horse don't consult a pedestrian, and when you are courting a young woman don't ask advice of a bachelor.

Wounds caused by a sword can be healed, but wounds caused by a tongue can not.

Quite Sure.

She—Papa saw you going into a saloon to-day, George.

He—No, he didn't.

She—Why are you so certain?

He—I'd have to pay for another drink if he had.—Truth.

Science Causerie.

Uses of Old Rags.

Many kinds of waste materials of cerfactures are employed in the manufacture for other industries. Old rags are a familiar instance of this change. Woolen rags are more slowly converted into finished products than those of cotton and linen, because they are valuable for intermediate uses. Before they are run to earth they do duty for many forms of cheap clothing. In the United Kingdom, Batley, Dewsbury and Leeds are the grand markets for woolen rags, though the United States are running us in close competition. The greasy, frousy, cast-off clothes of Europe reappear in pilot cloths, Petershams, beavers, Talmas, Chesterfields and Moleskins, which modern dandies wear when they consult economy as well as their outward appearance. When black coats are too far gone to be clobbered or revived they are sent to various countries to be made into caps, France, Russia and Poland requiring them in large quantity. The worn-out red tunics of British soldiers almost exclusively go to Holland to cover the chests of sturdy Dutchmen, who conceive them to be a protection against rheumatism. Uniforms of a better description, whether military or liveries, chiefly go to Africa for the wear of kings and chiefs. It is only after these transformations that the rags are torn down into shoddy and mungo for inferior cloths. When old woolen rags have reached their fourth stage of degradation, so that they are unfit for the shoddy maker, they are still economically useful. They are then mixed with other degraded waste, such as shavings of hoofs and horns and the blood of slaughter-houses, and are melted in an iron pot with wood ashes and scrap iron. This process produces the material out of which the beautiful dye Prussian blue is made.—London Paper.

How Fast Coal is Going.

A statistician has attempted to determine approximately the world's consumption of coal. He estimates that in generating steam for engines aggregating 10,000,000 horse power (some authors rate the world's engines as high as 20,000,000 horse power) coal is burned to the amount of about 12,000 tons per hour. For gas for lighting, the consumption is not less than 10,000 tons per hour; and for gas for heating and motive power, probably 4,500 tons. In metallurgy, the use of coal reaches about 9,000 tons per hour; and in workshops and factories, 5,000 tons. It is difficult to calculate the quantity employed for domestic purposes, but 55,000 tons per hour, or 1,320,000 tons per day of twenty-four hours, seems to be an under-estimate. Placing the actual daily consumption for the entire world as low as 1,600,000 tons, we find that a solid cube of coal more than 100 yards on a side is burned up every day.

Immense Potato Crops.

Some wonderful results with regard to potato culture have been obtained by a gentleman farmer in France. This farmer, who is also a distinguished chemist, has been, according to a recent consular report from Nantes, for some time past, conducting experiments with potatoes, with the remarkable result that he has succeeded in securing the enormous return of forty-two tons per acre. The plan he adopts is to carefully select the seed and to use only the best and soundest tubers. The ground is dug or plowed to a great depth and is well manured. Before planting the seed potatoes they are soaked for about 24 hours in a mixture composed of saltpeter and sulphate of ammonia, six pounds of each salt to 25 gallons of water. After this soaking the tubers are allowed to drain, and they then stand for 24 hours longer, in order that the tubers may have time to swell.

Hoypnotic Marvels.

Paris continues to marvel at hypnotic mysteries. In the course of his experiments at the Charity hospital, Dr. Luys the other day effected so complete an "exteriorization" of the human body as to transfer to woman's sensibility into a tumbler of water. The tumbler was then taken out of the subject's sight, when she started as if in pain if the water was touched, and swooned if it was drank. The water is said to have retained its sensibility for a considerable time. A wonderful discovery made by Col. Roche was also confirmed, the sensibility of a hypnotized subject being transferred to a photographic negative of the same person, a pin-scratch across the hand of the plate causing the subject to shriek with pain and to become marked in a few moments with a similar scratch on the hand.

Worms in Chestnuts.

A Pittsburg physician explains how the worm gets into the chestnut. When the nut is still green an insect comes along and hunting a warm place in which to have its eggs hatched, lights upon the green chestnut and stings it. At the same time it deposits some of its eggs in the opening thus made. The chestnut begins to ripen and at the same time the eggs are hatching. The insect selects chestnuts as a place for depositing its eggs as being the best adapted place by instinct. The floury matter in the nut turns to sugar and sugar contains carbon, which produces heat.

Electrical Tanning.

The recent application of electricity to tanning in France, has resulted in reducing the time of tanning a large oxhide from sixteen to eighteen months in pit tanning, and from five to six months in liquor tanning, to 96 hours in both cases, and also does away with continuous hand labor and the disagreeable odor so characteristic of tanneries. Electricity seems in some unaccountable way to hasten the absorption of the tannin by the hide. The invention without doubt marks one of the most important advances in technology made in many years.

Aluminum Horseshoes.

Aluminum horse shoes have been tried in one of the Finnish cavalry regiments. A number of horses were shod on one fore foot and one hind foot with this metal, ordinary iron shoes being used on the other feet. At the end of six weeks, during which time the animals had been moving on a hard, stony ground, it was found that the aluminum shoes had worn rather better than those of iron, and not one of the former had gone to pieces.

Insects Can Count.

How it surprises us to hear that an insect is much further advanced in the art of counting than many a Papuan negro; for a species of saw fly, among whom the females are considerably larger than the males, regularly assign to the egg from which the larva of a male is to emerge, only five little wounded catapillars for the nourishment of the larval, while they assign to the egg which contains a female animal ten such catapillars!

OBELISK MOVERS OF OLD.

Means by Which the Egyptians Transported Great Stones.

The obelisks of the Pharaohs are made of red granite called syenite, says the writer of "Cleopatra's Needle." In the quarries at Syene may yet be seen an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the native rock, with traces of workmen's tools so clearly seen on its surface that one might suppose they had been suddenly called away and intended soon to return and finish their work.

This unfinished obelisk shows the mode in which the ancients separated these immense monoliths from the native rock. In a sharply cut groove marking the boundary of the stone are holes evidently designed for wooden wedges, says the Chicago Herald.

After these have been firmly driven into the holes the groove was filled with water. The wedges, gradually absorbing the water, swelled and created the greatest strain throughout the length of the groove. The block once detached from the rock, was pushed forward upon rollers made of the stems of palm trees from the quarries to the edge of the Nile, where it was surrounded by a large timber raft. It lay by the river side until the next inundation of the Nile, when the rising water floated the raft and conveyed the obelisk down the stream to the city where it was to be set up.

Thousands of willing hands pushed it on rollers up an inclined plane to the front of the temple where it was designed to stand. The pedestal had previously been placed in position, and a firm causeway of sand covered with planks led to the top of it. Then, by means of rollers, levers and ropes made of the date palm, the obelisk was gradually hoisted into an upright position.

It speaks much for the mechanical accuracy of the Egyptian masons that, so true was the level of the top of the base and the bottom of the lone shaft. In no single instance has the obelisk been found to be out of the true perpendicular.

A Fact From Fiji.

It would seem that they who lead
Christian lives should win the meed
Of all Christians' approbation—but one
shivers
To reflect that, after all,
'Tis the heathen cannibal
Who appreciates most keenly Christian
livers.
—Puck.

The New Departure.

Her Father—I believe you wish to speak to me about marrying my daughter?

Her Adorer—Yes. What are your habits, sir? And I also wish to inquire concerning the amount of money you save each year, and to ask if you think you can make me happy.—Life.

Good Cause for Pride.

Butler—Say, John, what makes you look so jolly to-day? Have you won the big prize in the lottery?

Cab driver—(whose steed is very ancient) —No, but I was fined $5 this morning for driving too fast.

DELIRIUM.

I went to sleep
Once long ago;
So long I cannot now remember.
The snow was deep
And cold the snow.
And life was one long bleak December.

But since that time
An atmosphere
Of perfumed mists seems round me
swinging.
A silvery chime
I faintly hear,
Like bells in fairy belfries ringing.

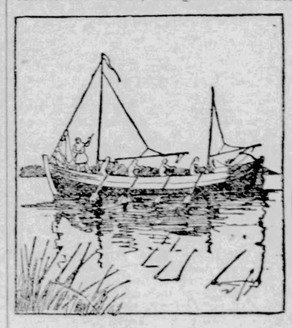
But lurking near
With ponderous wings,
A gloomy shape its place has taken;
It is the fear
Suspicion brings
That presently I shall awaken

Forever, would
I lie in sleep;
Forever, float through drowsy spaces;
And silence should,
Profound and deep,
Prepare with peace my resting places.
—Arthur Henry.

BOAT WITH A HISTORY.

A Trading Vessel, a Slave Dhow and Finally an Explorer's Craft.

A little vessel having a remarkable history has plied for years on Lake Tanganyika. Her story illustrates the progress in that region from savagery toward civilization. The boat known as the Calabash was originally a huge tree trunk, cut down by the axes of the natives with enormous labor, and then, with ax and adze and fire, molded into shape. Boats like the Calabash are excellent sea vessels, though in their lines



THE "CALABASH."

they suggest rather a clumsy hippopotamus than a swan.

On one of her voyages, after she had served as a trading canoe for two years, she entered the port of Ujiji, where she was bought by an Mswahili slave trader. For three years she plied back and forth across the lake, bringing cargoes of wretched men, women and children to the Ujiji slave market. One day a load of slaves had just been landed on the shore when Mr. Hore, who had recently come to Ujiji as an agent of the London Missionary society, saw the little craft and decided that she was just about what he needed for exploratory voyages around the lake. He succeeded in purchasing her, and the little boat was once more launched upon Tanganyika as the first missionary vessel on the lake. Consecrated to the cause of peace she became known in time to every tribe around the lake as the harbinger of good will.

Lake Tanganyika, as it appears on our maps to-day, is the result of these surveys which Mr. Hore carried out on the Calabash. His survey is the best that has yet been made on the lake. He paddled and sailed along the shores, every day seeing a grand panorama of unknown lands and new tribes. By careful measurement and observation, month after month, the outlines of the lake and the names of the bordering countries were marked on the map of Africa.

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AGENTS wanted. Liberal Salary paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

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The Household

Miss EMILY S. BOUTON, Editor.

HOME IS THE KINGDOM AND LOVE IS THE KING.

HOME TALKS.

WHERE THE ISMS HOLD SWAY.

Tolerance of New Thought—Woman's Work at the Mechanic Institute's Fair Exhibits—To Whom the Credit Is Due.

I wonder if the changes of the seasons have the same effect upon others that they do upon me. They tell such strange stories about Mother Earth, thta she is a breathing, individualized life, as each human being is; that she feels and expresses her various moods, not in ignorance and blindly, but knowing and willing; always, however, subject, as all life is, to the one great, universal law whose name under all circumstances, all conditions, is Love. In the spring she rouses to action, as do we when the sky begins to glow with returning day. Exultant with a sense of power, she puts forth the glories of tree and flower, using imagination to the utmost to produce variety in beauty. The rushing tides awaken each slumbering seed and root and sets them a-throbbing with desire to do.

And then comes summer when her great heart beats with the strong, regular pulsations that the settled thought of perfecting to fruitage these exquisite children which she has brought into the world makes necessary. The fervid heats of midsummer days are but expressions of her love-nature thrilled to its utmost, and determined to render objective what has been for months held in subjective thought, and oh! the glory of it in tree and flower and fruit, what tongue or pen ever has or ever may fittingly describe!

Then the tides of life begin to run slower, as if dear Mother Earth were a-weary with the emotions which have held sway over her, and prompted her to such a wealth of expression. Yet even then she remembers to be beautiful. It is as if in these last moments, before she goes to rest, she would give us such vivid reminders of her love that they would remain to comfort us until her next awaking. With prodigal hand she dashes rich coloring everywhere, until her robes are ablaze with splendor. Anon chilling winds and nipping frosts tell us that she has closed her eyes in slumber.

These thoughts chased each other through my brain when, some three or four weeks ago, I journeyed with some friends across the great state of New York, and the still greater, in some respects, state of Massachusetts. The glory of the hills and mountains seemed indeed "the glory of the Lord." The variety of coloring, shading from the lightest hues to the darkest, were beyond numbering. It was one bewildering, beautiful picture that flashed upon the eye in different forms, as we dashed onwards, and over all lay the golden veil of October sunshine. I shall remember this approach to the metropolis of the Bay State so long as life lasts, for it was through splendors that defy description.

Boston is—Boston. It is a city unique in itself, its people, its modes of thought, its style of dress. Looking towards the east, from which the sun rises out of the rolling waves, thus is typified the rising of new ideas, which are welcomed as gladly as is the golden sunshine; accepted by the few or many, as the case may be, but never ridiculed and extinguished by waves of intolerant disapproval before they have had time to offer a reason for being. It is this atmosphere of liberality that everybody, I believe, becomes conscious of at once upon setting down trunk and umbrella for a stay in this city. As one bright New York woman put it: "You feel so respectable the moment you put foot in Boston. No matter whether you are clothed in isms or unfashionable garments, you are received at once into good fellowship."

I think that is true. A chilling fear may creep up and down the spine sometimes lest one is not up to the standard of cultivation maintained in this goodly place. I must confess to being somewhat overwhelmed when we discovered in that prince among hostelries, "The Brunswick," where we made our home, that even the elevator boy was given to reading history and philosophy, and scorned any less substantial mental food.

This same elevator boy, by the way, was a character, and, I think, must have been exceptional even in Boston. His mien was so stately, his courtesy so dignified, that we constantly felt that he should be walking in marble halls, and were in a continued state of thankfulness that he did not suddenly come to a realizing sense of his deserts, and resign his duties while we were in midair during our many journeys to and from our apartments. I shall always hold Abraham—that was his name—in affectionate remembrance because of the home feeling which his air of protection begot in our party of strangers to Boston, and to Boston's pleasant peculiarities.

To return. There is always something of absorbing interest to hold the attention of the new comer who is in search of the novel in literature, science or philosophy, or who wants to ascertain the growth of ideas, not new, but yet not generally accepted. Demonstrations of progress in reforms can always be found here. Here, too, drift unerringly any who have a new cult to present to the world, for here a respectful hearing is always assured, no matter how far from ordinary lines of thought the one to be presented may be. I have often heard this asserted of Boston, but never realized how true it was until this last visit within its hospitable borders.

Among the many interesting things that came under my observation, possibly there are none which said more of importance to women individually and collectively than the exhibit of their work at the great fair in the Mechanics' Institute, open for several months in the fall of each year.

Perhaps you will wonder why this has a deeper significance than any other hitherto made upon a similar scale. It was because its plan was different from any woman's exhibit ever offered to the public. Within the limits assigned for the purpose was fairly shown woman's accomplishment in all of the varied fields of labor into which she has more recently entered, as well as in those which have been hers since history began. The products collected were not confined to bread, butter, canned fruit, preserves, quilts, fancy work and China painting. While including these, the scheme has infinitely broader scope, aiming to define her progress in the various industries, in business, in the arts, in literature, in science and in the professions. Besides the visible evidences of progress in the array of beautiful and useful things exhibited, between the hours of 11 and 1 of each day, practical talks are given by specialists in these various fields. Most of the speakers are women who have distinguished themselves by marked success, but sometimes men, high in their attainments, speak from their vantage ground in some particular department for the benefit of eager listeners.

It is, as a whole, the most complete and just exposition of woman's work ever given, and beyond question a great surprise to those who have had doubtful regard for her accomplishment outside of her ordinary sphere of duties. It makes plain to women that they have nothing to fear in competition with men in any field, providing they equip themselves with the knowledge that gives skill. The necessity of training for any work is impressed by practical demonstration, but the spirit of it all went to the encouragement of every woman who has an earnest purpose in any direction, whether the ground has hitherto been trodden by feminine feet or only by those of her brothers.

The credit for this splendid showing of woman's accomplishment is due primarily to Mrs. Ellen A. Richardson, an artist of reputation in Boston, who conceived the plan and devoted all of her, energies, both mental and physical, to its execution.

In thinking the matter over she resolved that if it were possible woman's work should be shown upon a basis of truth; that is, her real accomplishment, be it much or little in industrial fields, should be made evident, and it should not be confined to a superficial side-show, as has been the case hitherto in all fairs, whatever their scale or importance.

It was a herculean task which she set herself, but it was carried out most successfully. Through the heat of the summer months, she remained at her post corresponding with those whose co-operation must be obtained in order to perfect her arrangements. Quietly she labored, but so effectually that the result, as I said before, is the most intelligent and complete exhibit of woman's work that has ever been made, and a thorough astonishment to those who are unconscious of how the world is moving in directions they wot not of. In the truest sense it is an edueator, as will be the woman's exhibit in the Columbian fair, if carried out on similar lines.

Mrs. Richardson is a woman in the prime of life, with a fine, strong face, and prepossessing manners. She deserves great credit for the conception and execution of the plan which is giving such excellent results, for the benefits will not belong to Boston women alone, but to woman workers everywhere. When the importance of their labor as a factor in the world's accomplishment is understood and recognized, the inequality of wages between men and women for work of the same quality will disappear. It will need but a few such well-organized revelations as this one to bring about a great change in this direction.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 9.

It is somewhat difficult for some ladies to decide what is the proper dress to wear on various occasions. They do not wish to be over-dressed, nor to appear in a plain dress when others shine in the glory of full dress, and one can but always tell by the way an invitation is worded—especially a verbal invitation, what is expected.

An illustrion of this occurred quite recently in a neighboring city. A lady and her husband were in the city for a few days, and the gentleman meeting an acquaintance on the street, received from him a most cordial invitation for himself and wife to "come up to the house this evening. My wife expects a few friends in and you will probably see some old acquaintances."

Supposing from this that it was merely an informal company, they accepted the invitation, and, as they had not come prepared for a grand toilet, the lady wore a plain black silk dress and the gentleman, his ordinary, everyday clothes, which, though new and of good quality, were not at all on the "evening dress" order.

They reached the house of their friends and found it lighted from top to bottom, and on their way to the dressing rooms on the second floor they caught glimpses of ladies and gentlemen in full evening dress, and of the host and hostess receiving them with all of the style possible for them to assume.

At the head of the stair these people who had come for a "social evening with a few friends" stopped and looked at each other with inquiring eyes, then the gentleman asked a passing servant if there was any way by which they could leave the house except by the front door, explaining that they had made a mistake. They were shown down a back stairway, through the dining room, where they found preparations for a most elaborate supper, and out at a side door, when they drew a sigh of relief, and proceeded to their hotel, resolving the next time they were invited to meet a "few friends," they would wear full dress.

For church, the dress should always be plain, and no attempt at display of jewelry or fine clothing should ever be made, as it is manifestly in bad taste to make an exhibit of that kind, when we are met ostensibly to worship Him who was so poor that He had not where to lay His head, and it also discourages poorer people from attending a church where there is such a contrast between their dress and that of others.

An ordinary home evening dress, or for informal evening parties, may be made of any becoming color or material, but nothing very showy. For a regular reception day, a richer toilet may be worn, and full evening dress, when the curtains are drawn and the gas lighted, whether in the afternoon or evening.

In making calls, if a carriage is used, a more elaborate costume can be worn than when walking, and for a drive through the parks, or streets of a city, long skirts, lace parasols and very dressy hats are suitable, but for the top of a coach, which is now a very popular place with ladies of a certain set, a plain, serviceable suit is much more appropriate than the elaborate and showy dresses worn by some.

For traveling, and business women's suits, the plainer and more serviceable they are the better.

For the opera, elegant dressing is allowed, and the hair may be dressed so as to dispense with the bonnet, but at the theater no attempt at display should be made. An effort has been made at different times to dispense with the hat or bonnet at the theatre, concerts or lectures, out of regard of those who sit behind them, but so far, it has not met with general favor.

Full dress is worn at dancing parties. The dress on such occasions may be as rich and elaborate as one pleases, but everything should harmonize. Young ladies should wear lighter colors and materials than their elders, and the hostess should avoid all danger of outshining her guests. In the matter of jewelry, strict etiquette requires that diamonds should be reserved for gas light entertainments, but as a general thing those who are fortunate enough to possess such gems wear them at all times.

Fancy Work and House Decoration

Mitten Pocket.—Take a smooth board about 8 inches wide, and as long as you wish for the number of pockets, allowing about 6 inches for a pocket. Paint it some dark color and make a hole in the center of the top, to hang it up by. Crochet of strong cord, carpet warp or macrame cord will do, of some bright color, and in a heavy pattern, strips for the pockets. Tack these to the board loosely enough to admit the mittens. If this is hung up in the kitchen, near the outside door, the "men folks" will never need to trouble you to tell them where they can find their mittens.—Bess.

Sachet.—Take 14 inches of China silk, form a square, and place wadding well sprinkled with sachet-powder, between the folds. Overhand the sides, and fasten to the top a cluster of artificial flowers to cover it, except in one corner, where a bow of ribbon should be placed. Any favorite flower may be used, and the powder should correspond with the flower.—Pansy.

Convenient Catchalls.—Take three of the little Japanese baskets that can be purchased, two for a nickel, fill one with curled hair and crochet a cover to fit closely; for the second, fill with the curled hair, and for a cover, sew a piece of silk or plush, or velvet; if silk is used a spray of flowers or an initial can be painted or embroidered. This is for a pincushion, which is needed, even if you have a pin tray on your dresser. Now make for each of these, and the third basket, a full covering of silk, of the color of the furnishings of the room where they are to be used. Gather the silk at the top and bottom leaving a ling heading of silk at the top, and sew firmly to the baskets. The first is, of course, for hair pins, and the third, which is to be hung at the side of the dresser by narrow ribbon, is for a hair receiver. Or they can be fastened together, if you please, and make a very pretty and useful Christmas present.—Alicia M.

Underskirt in Fancy Crochet.—Use Germantown wool. The skirt is worked round and round. Make a ch as long as skirt is to be wide at bottom. The border is made of different shades of one color; again. Make 12 rows of 6 star st for border; now make 1 row of d c, then 1 row of 6 star st—1 row of d c—then star again, and so on until the skirt is of desired length. For the lower edge join the wool, make 1 row of d c, then in every space after every second st make a melon puff st with 1 ch between, make 4 rows. To make the melon puff st throw the wool o the hook and pick up a 1 through a st in the row underneath, repeat twice more in the same st, then throw the yarn o the hook and draw through all the loops on the hook except the last one—t t o and through the two 1 left. Make 1 ch st—skip 1 st and make another puff in the next st. Repeat across the row, finish with scallops made by S d c in every other space with 1 s c in alternate spaces. Run a cord or ribbon in top of skirt.—Mrs. R.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—s, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together;. n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stich; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; t st, tassel treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble: sh c, short crochet.

Knit Lace.—Cast on 32 st and k across plain: 1st row—k 3—o 2—n—k 6—o 2—n—k 6—o 2—n—k 6—o 2—n—k 3; 2d row—k plain, only put one of each of the over twice; 3d row—plain; 4th row—plain; 5th row—k 3—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 5—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 2; 6th row—like 2d; k 7th and 8th rows plain; 9th row—k 3—o 2—n 3 times—k 5—o 2—n 3 times—k 5—o 2—n 3 times—k 5—o 2—n 3 times—k 2; 10th row—like 2d; the 11th and 12th rows plain; 13th row—k 10—s 6 st o first st on left hand needle—k 8—s 6 st o first st on left hand needle—k 8—s 6 st o first st on left hand needle—k 12; 14th row—s and bind 5 st—k rest plain.; repeat.—Mrs. Bradford.

Correspondence.

Mollie Sends Some Suggestions for the Girls and Boys.—Boys and girls of the Household, I hope you can all go to the World's Fair. Maybe you can if you earn and save all thepennies you get. They count up faster than you think, either to save or spend. Perhaps some of you could try some of these plans:

Get some flower-pots; break one up and put a few pieces in the bottoms of the others. As they are porous, the dirt will not hinder drainage, as it sometimes does with other articles. Now take them out there by those ferns. Use the soil there and transplant some of the nicest ones, carefully cutting away all old or imperfect fronds. Fill a shallow basket with those lovely mosses and tiny vines. They will not sell as high as the more fancy varieties, but are in good demand for north windows, stair-corners, banking mantels and various decorations.

If you live in Ohio, or farther East, you will find a fine, feather-leaved plant, bearing numbers of small white flowers. Get some of those which have not bloomed thisyear; they will mix nicely with the ferns. Wintergreens, with their scarlet berries arranged in neat bunches; Princess pine, long sprays of "Creeping Charlie" moss; holly, if you have it; Golden Rod, wild asters, purple bind or iron weed all sell well in cities.

Nebraska children can sell seeds of the odd little princess tree and the more stately snow-on-the-mountain, commonly called "white milkweed."

Kansas children will find sale for the roots of those beautiful, fragrant sensitive roses and those pink bloomed cactus. All kinds of cacti sell readily.

Many people are troubled with colic, and, when they can procure it, carry a piece of sweet flag, or calamus root, in their pockets, as a little of this will relieve colic if taken at once. It is also an aid to digestion, preventing that trouble with grease, after eating sausage. To prepare, cut the roots in five or six-inch lengths and tie in small bunches, or slice the roots crosswise, candy and dry them, and put them in boxes obtained of your nearest druggist.

If you cannot dispose of them otherwise, apply to your minister, Sabbath school teacher, president of the Christian Endeavor society, or Kng's Daughters' circle to aid you. If you are only three or four hours' ride from a city, you can set butter-milk. It is used for many purposes, such as drinking in sickness or health, and it is a splendid complexion wash. Take some of that thick, sour milk, make cottage cheese. Scald some but very little and some hard. Simply salt it, pack in pint bowls, cover with white cloths, place in baskets, decorate the basket with a few autumn leaves, ferns, berries, or something of the kind—only remember. If you will sell from house to house you can secure orders, and they will tell you just how much butter, butter and cream or cream they like, and you could deliver it ready for the table. Let everything be neat and daintv and the best of its kind.

I wish you all success and a grand time at the Faid.—Mollie.

Cannot "Mollie" give some hints for older people, as well as for the children? We should be very glad to receive them.—Ed.

She Is Proud of Her State and Her Home.—As I never have seen a letter from Iowa, I thought I would write a few lines, and I often wonder why no one has ever written about it before. It is truly a blue-grass country. Hills and valleys are covered with a beautiful green coat, from early spring till snow. Now is a pretty time. Jack Frost has touched the leaves of the trees just enough to make them change from green to gold and red. It is a pretty sight, indeed, to see them quivering in the sun till they fall to the ground, covering it up like a soft rug of bright colors. I sometimes wish the sisters of the Household could see my home, especially our dear editor. I think it would rest her to look at the golden corn fields, green pastures and clear landscape. The little valley with its clear brook singing merrily by, rippling and bubbling over little falls, then on under the old, low bridge, covered with moss. Bright-leaved trees, almost touching the water, dark green hedges on both sides, and just up a little way is the house, a neat little cottage; the windows covered with vines outside, and hung with white curtains within. It is a haven of rest for the weary. But the best of all is our mill, with its quaint, gabled roof, and the old dam stretching across the river, as it goes winding in and out, like a huge serpent, its bank dotted here and there with sleek cows, blinking their eyes and chewing their cuds; with the sun glinting through the trees, making a bright spot on which to sit down and rest. I have written as much as I ought, I know, but I should like to thank the sisters for their many beautiful thoughts they give to the Household. O, dear, my pen is broken; it has come in two again. I tied it together with thread to write this letter, and I hope our editor can read it. I will come again when it is mended, and give some recipes.—Mrs. C. E. Shay.

Correspondence Clippings.

To Laura, I would say never quit rocking and cuddling your baby until he is too large for you to hold, or another little one comes to take his place. I am the mother of three little ones. But it pleased God to take our baby, and in less than two weeks our eldest little one closed his eyes in death, and the dear little hands, which were willing to "help mamma," were stiff and cold. We laid them both in one grave, and there they sleep, our two boys. The last request my baby made was: "Bye, mamma, bye," his baby way of of asking me to rock-a-bye him. I can feel his little clinging hands yet as he would caress my face and hair, and I rejoice that I rocked my baby to sleep always. I held him in my arms until his little spirit left his body and went to Jesus. Rock your baby, Laura, you may not have him always.—A Mother.

Laura: I do not think, if you do your own work, every "lick and stitch" of it, as I do mine, you will find time to "cuddle" baby too much. I rock my baby to sleep once or twice a day, play with him all the time I get, and sleep with him at night, and I do not think any one has healthier children than I have. Yet I do not cover them up "head and ears" as some do.

How many of you ever used a pot broom? Make a little broom out of—well, an old broom will do, if nothing better can be procured—with a small handle about a foot and a half long. You can dip this in soft soap and scrub your pots while hot, pouring in boiling water, and then they are no trouble to wash.—Clover Blossom.

To the mother that asks about cuddling her baby, I would say cuddle it. Let it know that you love it; but it is not necessary to make it a tyrant, as some one suggests. It will soon learn right and wrong, and you can be firm in the right and still cuddle, love and kiss it. I heard of one woman who raised several children, but never kissed them. How could she help it?—A.

Inquiries.

Will some one send a good, reliable recipe for canning and corning beef for family use?—Kansas Beauty.

Can any one tell me what will remove pitch (from a knot in a pine board) from a flannel dress, whithout injuring the dress?—Anxious Inquirer.

Will some one send directions for knitting wristlets for gentlemen? Something appropriate for a Christmas gift, giving kind of yarn, size of needles, color, etc.—Red Clover.

Will Jean Hunt tell me how to make a peacock blue Henrietta dress for a girl 2 1-2 years old, rather fleshy, and what kind of velvet ribbon to trim it with?—Ella R.

I would like to know of a good remedy for bad breath from indigestion.—Anxious Inquirer.

Will some one tell me what will cure a gathering in the head, and also a remedy for frosted feet?—Pansy.

Will some one give directions for the care of fuchias and rose geraniums.—Clover Blossom.

Answers to Inquiries.

Margaret:—Do you not see that it would be quite impossible for us to publish your request? Why do you not try an advertisement in the Saturday's Blade? It would probably bring you what you want.—Ed.

Dora W. C.:—If the geitleman is a gentleman, he will understand that he must not expect a lady to "exchange photographs with him, and open a correspondence with a view to marriage," while they are perfect strangers. It would be worse than foolish for any girl to do so. He should obtain an introduction to her from some responsible person before he asks for any such confidence.—Ed.

Red Clover:—If you have printed programmes of your graduating exercises, you could send them to your friends, and that would be considered as an invitation to attend them.—Ed.

Lillie E. W.:—Personally I would not use the preparation you mention, on general principles, but know nothing of its efficacy, or harmlessness. Second, the dress would be all right, and if you have a clear complexion it would be very becoming to you.—Ed.

Mrs. M. N. P.:—If you write to any of the firms who advertise books in The Blade, you can obtain what you ask for.—Ed.

Mr. J. L.:—If you cannot think of any appropriate words by which you can ask the lady to become Mrs. J. L., you had better consult with her about it, instead of a stranger. She will doubtless be able to give you more acceptable assistance than we could. Do not, under the circumstances, ask her to meet you at the train. Find her home for yourself, and trust to circumstances to find her "willing."—Ed.

Tell "L. B. Hayward" that oil of sassefras will drive away fleas. Put in an atomizer and sprinkle your clothing and room; also when rubbed on their bite it cures itching.

Jennie:—Cramps are caused by a strain. That is my experience.

Nancy Jane:—The way we keep sugar cookies soft is by keeping them covered tight in a stone jar.—A. C. Arnold.

To the lady who asked for help for her father's sickness, I recommend a bath of cold lard, twice a day. Owing to the fever in his flesh (which causes his trouble) it will be absorbed immediately, and will help him. This is also a sure cure for the grip.

Nancy Jane:—If you will use any other kind of sugar than granulated for cookies and fried cakes, they will not become hard.

If dumplings are put in the kettle when the water is cold, they will not become heavy.—A. E. S. Taft.

Perplexed Cook:—You put too much flour in your cakes, is the reason they rise unevenly.

Bride:—Divide your recipes, using 1-2 or 2-3 of the quantity given.—Alice.

"Inez" asks how to color grasses for winter bouquets. I have always been very successful in coloring with diamond dyes. Boil the grasses in the dye, and hang them stem up to dry.—Pruda Bowers Utley.

Recipes.

From California comes directions for making a dish that is entirely new to many of the readers of the Household, but which reads as if it might be very good, and we shall be glad to hear from Mrs. S. H. M. again.—Ed.

Hot Tomatoes.—Corn husks; flank of beef; 50c red peppers, 10c white cornmeal, 3 pints, olives, (without liquor), fat raisins, 3 teacupful lard, 3 large onions, and salt and black pepper to taste. Choose corn husks of good width and whole, and put them to soak in a tub of clear cold water, early as possible the day before wanted for use and let them soak, changing the water frequently until wanted; this is to get them soft and clean. Soak cornmeal over night. Boil meat until about half done, saving the water you boil it in for future use. Put in a pot the lard; cut the onions fine, and let them fry in it, then add the pepper (previously mashed and strained, as for chili sauce); the meat cut fine; olives and raisins, and boil until real tender; take off the fire and add vinegar, salt and pepper, and while this mixture cools get your corn husks ready by drawing them through the hand to get all the water out. Then take the cornmeal and add a little of the juice of the mixture to it; then spread a tablespoonful on each leaf and lay them on the table, being careful not to get too much cornmeal on. When all are so prepared (as far as your cornmeal goes) take one in your hand and put in it two large spoonfuls or a little more of the meat mixture; lay another husk over this one, and one on each side, so that they lap over the top and bottom one; squeeze the ends together to shape them; tie them with little strips of corn husks at each end as tight as possible to keep them from leaking, and once loosely around the middle. When done they should be about five inches long and very "fat." When all are made boil them for two hours slowly in the liquor saved from the meat, adding more water if necessary. Eat while hot. This quantity will make two dozen or ten large ones. If the "mixture" seems too thick, add a little of the water the meat was boiled in, as it needs to be quite "sloppy." They are a good deal to bother to make, but they are very nice I think; and by following the directions and using a little good judgment, success is sure to follow. If any one tries this, will they please report their luck through The Blade.—Mrs. S. M. H.

To Prepare Pumpkin for Winter.—Cook your pumpkin (boil or bake) grease your piepans, spread your pumpkin 1-4 or 1-2 inch thick, when partly dry (in oven) turn it over and dry on the other side. Soak over night when needed. My way of baking is to cut a piece out of the top large enough to scrape out seeds, replace the piece, set it in a pan in the oven, on washing or ironing day, as it takes a long while to bake.—A.

So many times on a farm, there are some of the pumpkins that do not ripen, and are considered good for nothing, but "Clover Blossom" has proven this to be a mistake and sends the following recipe.

To Cook Green Pumpkins.—Pare them, cut in pieces and steam for 1-2 or 3-4 of an hour, until tender, then dress with butter, pepper and salt, and you cannot tell it from squash prepared in the same manner.—Clover Blossom.

Cut cold boiled potatoes up fine, celery is very nice cut up with the potatoes. Put in a dish and pour over a dressing made as follows:

Salad Dressing.—1 cupful vinegar, yolks of 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful each of sugar, pepper and mustard, 2 teaspoonfuls of melted butter, and of salt. Boil until it is like cream, stirring constantly. Place salad in a dish, with parsley around and pour the dressing over.—Miss C. J. Arnold.

UNCLE JERMI'S CORNER

What happy days those were before the war, when Uncle Jermi came in the early winter to make our shoes for the year. Our home was on a plantation in old Virginia, and you must know that the shoemaker came once a year to make shoes and boots for the family.

'Twas a dark, rainy day in November when Uncle Jermi came with his workbench and kit of tools, and as our family was a large one, including the slaves, his stay was until after Christmas.

At night in the kitchen by the big, roaring fire, we would gather around the old man's bench, and while the rain fell, and all was dark and gloomy outside, we would listen to the thrilling stories and fearful adventures of Uncle Jermi.

Our old friend was a slave on a plantation a few miles away, and hired his time by making shoes and boots on the plantations near by, giving his master two shillings a day for his liberty.

Uncle Jermi was very brave while in the house, and safe by the fire, but it was well known that he never passed through a piece of woods no matter how near the house without singing and whistling bravely, to keep his courage up and the "hants"* away. He was near sixty years of age, very tall and bony; he wore no beard; his scanty wool was like snow; his face, though wrinkled and very black, was the picture of good nature, and when he laughed, which was seldom, it was loud and long. He was a devout member in good standing of Tebo Creek church of which he was very proud.

Dear old Jermi, thy soul entered into rest long ago. The groups of merry boys and girls that formed thy circle of listeners are long since scattered and gone. Some of the boys sleep on the battlefields of the late war; some were lost at sea. Our little girl companions are now gray-haired mothers, and out of that merry group of boys I am left alone to follow those gone before, and I can say truly I do not remember a bad example nor one word from thy lips unfit for children's ears. And I shall live those happy days again in relating the quaint and curious yarns we listened to long years ago.

Uncle Jermi had very strange visions, and heard queer sounds, and his stories cover a variety of subjects. He used to say that the Bible said: "The old men should see visions, and dream dreams, and young folks must lissen to dem wid du respeck."

Mr. Wildgoose Passes a Night with Judge Owl.

"Little Mar's Frank," said Uncle Jermi, as we were seated in a half circle before him, as he began work on a stormy winter night, "jist fling on a chunk er dat litewood, so I kin see to stitch little Miss Mandy's shoe what she got to ambulate in dis winter."

"Now, Mar's Bennie, yoo jist occupy yooself off'n dis bench; yoo see whar my big fiss gwan to cum when I 'gin to stitch, cum slam whar yoo 'ittle stub nose be, if yoo stay dar.

"Dat's a little man, set long er Miss May, an' he'p her watch dem chestnuts she got in de ashes ro'stin'."

"Oh, Uncle Jermi!" cried George. "That story, don't you know, you were going to tell us if you would bring in a lot of lightwood, so you could see to work?"

"Yes, sir, you did," said quiet little May, clapping her hands.

We knew the old man was anxious to spin a story, and only waited our invitation.

"Now, how in dis worl an' creation, yer chillun 'spose I gwan to work? Yoo mine de ole sayin' precep before pleasure," said Uncle Jermi.

"If you tell us the story we will roast you a big sweet 'tato, won't we?" cried Bennie. This was agreed to by the group, and Uncle Jermi began:

"Well, den, 'taint sich a mity long time er'go, dat I was cumin' froo de big piney woods from Tebo Creek church. I was singin' a good ole hime, an' I ain't mor'n git de toon pitch, an' I hyr some pusson chattin' yonder in de pine tops. I stop an' I lissen, I did, an' lo an' behol I reckonise Judge Owl voice, an' he ain't in sich mity good 'umer neder, seem lak.

"Den I jist 'tarmin ter lay lo an' see what de fuss.

"Dar set Judge Owl big as Cuffy, wid a speckle vess on, an' on de same lim, clus by dar, set Mr. Wilegoose, tryin' ter scrape 'quaintance with 'im. Judge Owl ain't reckonise 'im yit, he smack his bill togedder, an' hop-te-hop way from Mr. Wilegoose a step er two, much as ter say, 'similarity breed consent.'

"Presently Mr. Wilegoose up an' say, 'evenin', judge, evenin', sah.' Mity near tax 'im, I reckon, boo so glum lak.' Ole Judge Owl he hop an' spond, 'I picks my company, sah.' Dat much as ter say, 'go 'long 'bout yer business.'

"'Dat er fack, judge; de las' tam I stop 'long er you, some tam er go, you was pickin' a pullet; look lak yoo pick it outen de widder 'oman's yard, leastway, yoo was er roostin' mity high, I notis.' Den Mr. Wilegoose laf yah! yah! yah! Den Judge Owl pull in his horns mity peart, an' allow: 'Yes, Mr. Wilegoose, I'se a morsel near sited, 'pears lak, an' I jist reconise who yoo is, no 'fense. I hopes yoo ain't goin' ter say a word 'bout dat pullet, on ercount er my fambly,' de judge say.

"'Oh, don't yoo fret 'bout me,' Mr. Wilegoose say. 'I ain't gwan ter tarry in dis scope mor'n ningeta fernight, den I gwan ter perceed on my journey souf.'

"Judge Owl try ter be mity freely wen he fine out Mr. Wilegoose ain't gwan ter stay long, an' he say: 'Dead Mr. Wilegoose, don't be in a stu 'bout gwan. I jist like to hav yoo company er day er two; been a year since I seed yoo before.'

"'No, I's much oblige, Judge, I got a bit zusted on my way, hit er mity long way ter fly, clar ter goodness 'tis, an' I jist 'cluded ter stop and res' up ter night, an' ter-morrow I kin ketch up wid de flock, an' den we soon git home, 'taint sich a gret way off wher' my frens is er roostin' ter-night, I reckon I be ter go long.'

"Den Judge Owl side up an' try ter be very frenly, an' say, 'I like ter ketch myself er lettin' er you go 'way from my house dis night, dat I wood. I's so please I don't no wen I ben so please before. Now what er tim' you been bad up Norf dis trip, anyhow, Mr. Wilegoose? Tell me all 'bout it.'

"Mr. Wilegoose allow to hisself: 'Taint while ter hol' no grudge agin Ole Judge Owl, no how,' so he reply an' say: 'I ben took a leetle trips up Norf in durin' de las' twenty years an' better, an' I mus' 'fess dis is de onpleasantest trip ever a wile goose did take. You see, Judge, we lef' de Gulf er Mexiko 'way 'long las' April an' we 'lowed ter go 'way beyand de gret lakes way up Norf. Well, we flew high, an' chatted 'long de way, an' tam night cum, we roost 'long er sum big woods what got big trees, den long 'fore daybrek we start on our way agin.'

"'Our captin was a big ole white goose what ben up dar a heap er tims, an' I ben er nowin' 'im de longest kind er tam.

"'He always tak de lead, an' I ain't never 'no' dat goose ter git loss!'

"'Well,' Mr. Wile goose he perceed an' say: 'We fly 'long dat way better'n a week, an' den captin he say we be dar presently. Dat nite we git 'dar, an we lan' in de big woods clus by de lake.

"'We ain't more'n git feelin' home lak, when 'long cum er big cold snap, an' great day, Judge, we jist like ter freeze ter def, dat we did. Bimeby hit cum warm agin. Den nex' trubble. Me an'a fren, we was havin' er gran tam swimmin' in de big lake; presently we spy a objec look mighty s'picious. I say tam fur us ter go, so we start ter fly 'way, an' co-bang went a gun. My poor fren, he jist hav tam ter sen' his love ter his folks and say good by, den down he drop, ker-slam, an' I 'no' he ben shot, 'kase dar was blood on his clean white shirt-front when he fell.

"'He ain't more'n touch de water when here cum two hunters in a boat, an' de las' I see o' my poor fren' he was layin' in de boat ded!

"'Den I fly back to de roost, an' I feel like my best fren' gone.

"'After dat we bligе ter keep our eyes peel de hull indurin' tam, cose chaps what call darselves sports was huntin' for us day in and day out; so, consequence, my fun all brok up for dat season.

"'Why, judge, we had ter look poart ter keep our young ons safe. So las' week we 'cided ter start back souf, an' we git er long tolerable well til we git hyr, an' I jist nachully had ter stop an' ress; I was clar give out. You see, judge, we boun to fly high, cose ebery man what poor enuff to hav a gun is tarnsined to shoot at a body tereckly we fly low.'

"'I can't say dar no pleasor flyin' high. You jist orter be way up dar once, an' look down on yarf, an' see what a lovly worl' de Lord dun made for us all. De rivers look lak little silver cords, an' de woods, an' fields, an' towns, an' cities—well, I jist can't give you no 'scription. Only I boun' ter say dat men look lak smal pertatos ter me. Well, away up dar we go long lickty click, an' som tam captin he say honk, honk, dat mean 'don't let de gras gro under our fet.' Den we don't ax no faver o' de steam, kyrs, or stam boates er hosses. I tell you, judge, I achully I feels sorry for folks dat aint wile geese. dey git er long so mity slo pears lak.

"'Well, judge, I see you's getten sleepy. You call me 'bout four o'clock so I kin git a early brekfus, den I'll start er long.'

"'Judge Owl so sleepy he scacly kin wifsper, an' he say, 'alright, Mr. Wile Goose, alright.'

"'Den I hyr Mr. Wilegoose say to hisself, 'Hit don't pay ter be so pompus in dis worl', cose somtam you got ter eat humble py may be, 'specially if you ben cuttin' up like Judge Owl.'

"'Bout dis tam Mr. Wilegoose, gittin' mity sleepy hisself, so he bob off ter sleep, an' I pick myself up an' go 'long home, an' I say ter myself gwan er long, dars a heap er foks percisely lak Judge Owl, dey apt ter fly hi- an' lite lo, dats a fack.

"'Well, now, chillum, hit bettern' 9 o'clock, yoo mammy be spectin' yoo, I'll be boun', gret day in de mornin'! How hit do rain, de creek gwan ter be 'way up in de moruin'.'

"'Good night, Uncle Jermi,' we cried as we passed out of the room.

"'Good nite, little fokses, and don't forgit de lite wood to-morrer nite.' This was a gentle hint that he would expect us, and the last we saw of Uncle Jermi that night he was almost asleep on his bench, while we went to sleep under the roof to hear the steady dropping rain and dream of Mr. Wilegoose and his journey.—Uncle Jermi.

*Hants (haunts).

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
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HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

You Can Hypnotize Yourself and Cure Insomnia.

One of the technical words used in scientific descriptions of the phenomenon of hypnotism is "transfixion." This relates to the position of the eyes just before hypnotic sleep comes on, and it is believed, though not yet fully explained,

that in adjusting the eyes to this position some nerve center of the brain is affected, producing an effect like switching off electricity from a keyboard, and unconsciousness follows almost instantly.

It is a common observation among nurses that babies "get crosseyed just before they fall asleep," and this can be easily verified wherever there is a baby in the house by closely watching the eyes of the little one as they are closing in sleep. Almost invariably the eyes are directed inward and generally downward, though sometimes upward. True hypnotic sleep, if undisturbed by suggestion, soon turns into what we call "natural" sleep, as is shown by the sleeper's awakening refreshed as from natural sleep.

A writer who was formerly afflicted with chronic insomnia effected a permanent cure by means of which he terms the hypnotic method, and gives his recipe with illustrations for the benefit of the many sufferers from the tortures of protracted wakefulness. Its worth may be easily tested by any one with strong will power. That many eminent men—Napoleon, Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, for example—possessed the secret of going to sleep at will is well known.

In using the following directions, the only caution necessary is that before the hypnotic sleep merges into natural slumber the sleeper is apt to answer unconsciously any questions that may be gently asked, and thereby reveal secrets that might perhaps cause domestic disturbance. But the innocent need have no fears. Lie on your right side; close the eyes gently. Forget that the lids are barriers to seeing and turn your eyes inward and downward, so that you can see your breath as if it were vapor leaving the nostrils and curling off in the air. Then watch it return up the nostrils and then out again. Concentrate your powers of vision until you seem actually to see this—then you are asleep.

The Persian Shah has blotted out
All staring signs his realms about,
Save one, whose mission 'tis to bless
With beauty, health and happiness.
He paints on every mountain's front
The simple sign, "Use SOZODONT."

Suggestions to a Guest.

Do not let the old saying, "The first day the man is a guest, the second a burden and the third a pest," be applied to you. Endeavor to time your arrival so that it shall not interfere with your friends' meal hours, and arrange so that your baggage shall be delivered without being a care to them. Do not outstay your welcome; do not even st

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

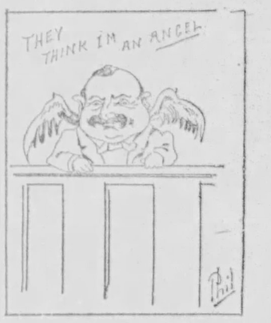
CLEVELAND IS ELECTED

THE COUNTRY IS DEMOCRATIC

The Presidential Result a Surprise—States Considered Surely Republican Go Democratic—The Populists in the West.

The result of the election of November 8 was an unusual surprise to everybody. The Democratic party swept the country. Cleveland is elected President. The new House is Democratic, and it is certain the Senate will be in control of that party after March 4 next.

The following table gives the states which gave their electoral votes to each



candidate. Note that Michigan's electoral vote under the Miner law is divided, 5 being Democratic and 9 Republican. The electoral vote of Oregon is also divided, Harrison receiving 3 and Weaver 1. Enough returns are not in from Idaho, Montana and Wyoming to render it certain who carried their electoral votes.

For Cleveland.

	Electoral votes.
Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
California	9
Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Indiana	15
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8
Maryland	8
Michigan	5
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
New Jersey	9
New York	36
North Carolina	11
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	15
Virginia	12
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	12
Total	275

For Harrison.

	Electoral votes.
Iowa	13
Maine	6
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	9
Minnesota	9
Nebraska	8
New Hampshire	4
Ohio	23
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
South Dakota	4
Vermont	4
Washington	4
Total	138

For Weaver.

	Electoral votes.
Colorado	4
Kansas	10
Nevada	3
North Dakota	3
Oregon	1
Total	21

Still in Doubt.

Idaho	3
Montana	3
Wyoming	3
Total	9

THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

The Vote in Some of the Close States—The New House.

Washington, Nov. 11.—(Special.)—Doubt is coming out of uncertainty, and many of the close states are emerging from the mist which has shrouded them. Indiana, from the latest returns, appears to have gone Democratic by from 9,000 to 12,000, but no figures are obtainable on the state ticket. The legislature is Democratic on joint ballot, thus insuring the return of Senator Turpie to the United States Senate.

In West Virginia the Cleveland electoral ticket has been chosen by a majority between 3,000 and 4,000. All four of the Democratic candidates for Congress have been chosen. Senator Faulkner will succeed himself.

The Close Western States.

In Illinois the official returns are not all in, but Cleveland will have a majority of not far from 20,000. Altgeld, for governor, will have at least calculation 17,000. The legislature will likely be Democratic on joint ballot.

In Wisconsin the Milwaukee Sentinel returns, with parts of 21 out of 68 counties estimated, give the Democrats a plurality on governor of 4,748. The figure is slightly smaller on the electoral ticket.

Late returns indicate the defeat of the Harrison electors in North Dakota by a small plurality. Burke, Republican, for governor, may be elected by 1,000 majority. The returns indicate a Republican majority of seven or eight on joint ballot in the legislature.

Less than half of Idaho has been heard from so far. The indications are that the majority of the Weaver electors may reach 3,000. One hundred and seventeen out of 270 precincts give McConnell, Republican, for governor 5,879; Burke, Democrat, 4,858; Crook, Populist, 3,295. Sweet, Republican, for Congress, has a plurality of 3,000.

In Wyoming, about all the returns have been received from the far-off counties in the state. As near as can be ascertained, there were about 20,000 votes cast in the state. Osborn (Dem.) governor elect, has 2,500 majority. Caffen (Dem.), Congressman elect, has 1,000 majority over Clark, the most popular Republican in the state. Chairman Vandeventer, of the Republican committee concedes the legislature to the Democrats. This will insure a Democratic United States Senator.

Figures on Congressman.

An analysis of the Congressional election returns shows that the returns missing from 20 districts, in which the result is either entirely unknown or is very close, the Democrats have elected to seats in the House of Representatives for the Fifty-third Congress 88 more Representatives than the Republicans. This majority does not include nine members elect who are classified as either fusionists or third party men, nearly every one of whom will act with the Democrats in any proposed reduction of tariff taxes. Their support with the additional strength the Democrats are certain to derive from securing some of the 20 districts put in the unknown column, make it conservative to estimate that the Democrats will have a majority of 100 members or more on the most important question likely to come before the next House of Representatives, viz: a revision of the McKinley tariff law.

A number of the fusionists are also thoroughly in accord with the Democratic policy, as far as it goes, on all other questions. For instance, McLaurin, of South Carolina, and Pence and Bell, of Colorado, who are classified with the third party men, are in general accord with the Democratic platform, save that, on the currency question, the first named has Alliance ideas, and the two last named are radical free coinage men. Three out of five of the fusionists elected in Kansas

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are also simply Democrats of what may be called the radical wing of the party. Leaving out the twenty unknown districts, the next House will consist of 207 Democrats, 120 Republicans and nine fusionists, or third party men.

Table by States

The following is a table by states:

States.	Democrat.	Republican.	Fusion or Third Party.	Unknown or very close.
Alabama	9	...	..	..
Arkansas	6	...	..	3
California	4	...	..	..
Colorado	..	..	2	..
Connecticut	3	1	..	..
Delaware	1	...	..	..
Florida	2	...	..	..
Georgia	11	...	..	..
Idaho	..	1	..	..
Illinois	12	10	..	..
Indiana	10	3	..	..
Iowa	1	10	..	..
Kansas	..	3	5	..
Kentucky	9	1	..	1
Louisiana	6	...	..	..
Maine	..	4	..	..
Maryland	6	...	..	..
Massachusetts	..	8	2	..
Michigan	5	7	..	..
Minnesota	..	...	..	7
Mississippi	7	...	..	..
Missouri	13	1	..	1
Montana	..	1	..	2
Nebraska	2	2	..	..
Nevada	..	...	1	..
New Hampshire	..	1	..	1
New Jersey	5	3	..	..
New York	20	14	..	..
North Carolina	9	...	..	..
North Dakota	..	1	..	..
Ohio	10	10	..	1
Oregon	..	2	..	..
Pennsylvania	8	22	..	..
Rhode Island	..	2	..	..
South Carolina	6	...	..	1
South Dakota	..	2	..	..
Tennessee	8	...	..	..
Texas	13	...	..	..
Vermont	..	4	..	..
Virginia	10	...	..	..
Washington	..	2	..	2
West Virginia	2	...	..	..
Wisconsin	6	4	..	..
Wyoming	..	1	..	..

Later returns places the vote of Kansas for congressmen much in doubt.

OHIO CONGRESSMEN ELECT.

The Delegation Will Stand: Republicans, 11; Democrats, 10.

Columbus, O., Nov. 9.—Latest returns show the election of the following Congressmen in Ohio:

First district—Bellamy Storer, Republican; Second—John A. Caldwell, Republican; Third—George W. Houk, Democrat; Fourth—F. C. Layton, Democrat; Fifth—D. D. Donovan, Democrat; Sixth—George W. Hulick, Republican; Seventh—George W. Wilson, Republican; Eighth—Luther M. Strong, Republican; Ninth—Byron F. Ritchie, Democrat; Tenth—W. H. Enoch, Republican; Eleventh—Charles H. Grosvenor, Republican; Twelfth—J. H. Outhwaite, Democrat; Thirteenth—D. D. Hare, Democrat; Fourteenth—M. D. Harter, Democrat; Fifteenth—H. C. Van Voorhis, Republican; Sixteenth—Doubtful, chances favoring C. L. Poorman, Republican; Seventeenth—James Richards, Democrat; Eighteenth—George P. Ikert, Democrat; Nineteenth—S. A. Northway, Republican; Twentieth—J. W. White, Republican; Twenty-first—Tom L. Johnson, Democrat.

NEW YORK GOES BOOMING.

New York City and Kings County Did the Business.

New York, Nov. 9.—New York state is Democratic. Cleveland's majority is anywhere from 20,000 to 40,000. Kings and New York counties gave 100,000 majority for the Democratic ticket, and north of the Harlem Hrriason lost in nearly all the great Republican strongholds.

MICHIGAN IS ALL RIGHT.

Rich Has Carried the State by From 5,000 to 10,000.

Detroit, Nov. 10.—(Special.)—Michigan has stood like a rock amid the crashing of the Republican states. She gives Harrison nine electoral votes and Cleveland five. She elects the Republican governor and full state ticket by pluralities ranging from 5,000 to 15,000. She has turned out the "Squawbucks" from the capital, and elected a legislature that has a Republican majority in the House of nearly 40, and in the Senate of about 12.

In Wayne county only three out of sixteen members of the legislature are Democratic, where before there was only one Republican. There is but one Democratic county officer out of twelve elected, where before there were eleven. The only rift in the lute is the election of Chipman, Democrat, to Congress, from the Detroit district. The Republicans have seven Congressmen in the state out of twelve, and a chance at two more.

REPUBLICANS NOT APPROVED

By All of the Republican Party—Reid's Opinion.

New York, Nov. 10.—Whitelaw Reid did not come to town yesterday from Ophir Farm. He remained up until after 2 o'clock awaiting the returns. He arose late, and spent the day resting. While greatly disappointed at the success of the Democrats, Mr. Reid said that his own defeat caused him no personal unhappiness.

"Evidently the whole Republican party does not approve the Republican party," he said. "The fact that the disaster had not been confined to one or two doubtful states, but had extended to California, Illinois and Wisconsin, ha thought, clearly showed it was due to a tendency affecting the party throughout the country. Obviously, many Republicans thought the tariff had gone too far. In view of this, it was probably best that the Democratic victory had been complete."

Mr. Reid says that he has no intention of entering public life again.

BLAMES THE M'KINLEY BILL.

Senator Cullom Thinks It Caused the Late Disaster.

Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10.—Senator Cullom was seen by a reporter and asked his opinion as to the cause and meaning of the landslide in Illinois and in the nation. The Senator promptly replied: "Our losses in this state are mainly due to the school question, but in the nation at large they are due, in my judgment, to the passage of the McKinley law and the impression in the minds of the masses in regard to it. When it was passed, the people expected us to revise the tariff, and revise it in the direction of reducing duties, and while we did make reductions, they were disappointed and dissatisfied because so many increases were made.

"When the bill came to the Senate from the House, we cut out many of these increases, but when it went back to the House and got into the conference committee, enough of them were restored to put us on the defensive and at a great disadvantage. Yes, I think our defeat can fairly be attributed to the McKinley bill."

HE WILL BE THE WARWICK.

Whitney Will Not Accept Any Office.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—A Washington, D. C., special, says: Information comes very directly and through a reliable channel that Mr. Whitney will probably accept no office under the new administration. Mr. Whitney prefers to be the heir to the throne, and he believes that he can do a great deal more to promote his Presidential aspirations in private life than in office. History has shown that Cabinet officers stand a very poor chance of becoming Presidents. The secretaryship of State would give Mr. Whitney very little opportunity to advance his interests. The secretaryship of the Treasury would involve altogether too much work. To be minister in London would remove him entirely from the field of political management, and it is there that Mr. Whitney is strong. Besides, the American minister to England generally gets the Irish vote down on him. Nearly every one of our ministers have suffered from it.

A NARROW MARGIN IN OHIO.

Mac Taylor Still Has a Safe Plurality.

Columbus, Nov. 15.—(Special.)—There is little change in the situation. S. M. Taylor's plurality is over 1,000, and he runs behind the rest of the Republican state ticket, except Burket, supreme judge. The Republican electors, with one exception, will be elected also. The abstracts of 51 counties have been received at the office of secretary of state. Fifteen additional counties came in yesterday. Following is the total vote from the 51 counties:

Danford (R.) 171,440, other Republican electors 170,247. Seward (D.) 175,555, other Democratic electors 174,340. People's electors 6,105, Prohibition electors 13,027. It will be noted that Danford runs ahead of his colleagues 1,193 and Seward 1,209. This shows the probable number of mistakes made in marking the tickets.

The total vote on the state tickets is: Secretary of state, Taylor (R.), 170,133; Taylor (D.), 174,506; supreme judges, Spear, 170,214; Driggs, 174,365; Burket, 170,085; Beer, 174,494; supreme clerk, Allen, 170,184; Wolfe, 174,286; public works, Lybarger, 170,364; Myers, 174,265. This shows that S. M. Taylor runs behind the rest of the Republican state ticket, except Burket, while W. A. Taylor runs ahead of his ticket. The returns yesterday made only slight changes in S. M. Taylor's plurality, which is at present 1,039.

GEN. WEAVER'S INTENTIONS.

He Will Make it Warm for Alabama Democrats.

Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 12.—Gen. Weaver, late People's party candidate for President, says that his party is not a temporary affair, but it is going to stay in the field, and will be a factor in every campaign for the future. He says that all over the country the work of organization will be pushed steadily.

Gen. Weaver also said that he had received private dispatches from Alabama, which convince him that he carried that state by 3,000 plurality, and he expects to make a fight for it.

He says that Kolb's friends will stand by him. At the approaching inauguration of the governor in that state he will take the oath of office, and his friends and supporters will see to it that he secures possession of the office to which he was honestly elected. Weaver says he intends to go to Alabama in the near future. The work of organization of his party is to be pushed in that section.

Gen. Weaver seems determined to end his days fighting for the new party.

Cleveland's New York Plurality.

Mr. Cleveland's plurality was greater than Grant's 60,758 over Seymour in 1868, but Mayor-elect Gilroy's plurality over candidate Einstein, 53,861, exceeds by nearly 20,000, the greatest majority secured by a New York mayoralty candidate in twenty-four years, that of 54,274, in 1868.

Gilroy is Elected.

New York, Nov. 9.—The total vote for mayor in New York city is: Gilroy, 169,080; Einstein, 95,378; Hicks, 2,451; Jonas, 5,693; Bogardus, 2,535. Twenty election districts missing.

ECHOES FROM THE ELECTION.

Harrison's majority in Vermont is 19,674.

Cleveland's plurality in Connecticut is 5,000.

Weaver carried Colorado by not far from 15,000.

The official Republican plurality in Iowa is 21,932.

Tennessee's Democratic majority is fixed at 27,580.

Weaver electors have a majority of 4,327 in Kansas.

Harrison's official plurality in Massachusetts is 27,000.

Cleveland carried California by at least 3,000 majority.

Democrats elect all the Congressmen in North Carolina.

The Harrison electors have carried Nebraska by 2,500.

Alabama sends a full Democratic delegation to Congress.

The Republican plurality in New Hampshire will be about 3,000.

Jerry Simpson is re-elected to Congress in the Seventh Kansas district.

Harrison's plurality in Pennsylvania will be 65,475, a Democratic gain of 15,256.

Corrected returns from Utah indicate the election of J. L. Rawlins, Democrat, as delegate, by about 2,000 majority.

Reports from nearly all the counties in Oklahoma Territory show that the Democrats will have both branches of the legislature.

The lower house of New Mexico's legislature is Democratic by three majority. The senate is Republican. The vote on delegate is close.

The Democratic majority in Missouri will be more than 5,000 on the national ticket. They will have thirteen out of fifteen congressmen.

The Democratic Central committee concedes the election of three Harrison electors in Oregon by pluralities ranging from 2,500 to 3,000, but they claim the election of one Weaver elector who was endorsed by Democrats.

Both sides are yet claiming the Wyoming legislature. The only sources of information are the state committees. At each headquarters they claim the victory. Before the result can be possibly known the official count must be made in three counties.

The political battle of 1892 is over in North Dakota, and from reports now in and a careful estimate upon those yet to come, it is evident that the entire Republican ticket has been snowed under, with the exception of Congressman and secretary of State.

Every day brings some change in the original reports on the complexion of the Kansas legislature. Official returns so far indicate that the Populists have twenty-four senators and the Republicans sixteen. The Republicans have 63 members of the House, barely a majority, the Democrats two, and two districts are a tie between Republicans and Populists.

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ONE ENJOYS

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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GENERAL NEWS.

FOREIGN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

The Herald Desires to See It Wiped Out.

New York, Nov. 14.—The Herald today advocated the abolition of our foreign ministry. In the course of its article, the paper says:

"Some day a great political party will take up this question seriously and make itself famous by wiping our useless and cumbersome diplomatic service from the face of the earth. It was the prophetic voice of James Gillespie Blaine which uttered this prediction, some years ago, to then Congressman McAdoo, of New Jersey.

"Nearly $40,000,000 is spent in the empty trappings of useless office. More than a third of a million dollars are each year expended by the United States that its black cloth men may dangle at the tail of a diplomatic kite.

"The question of abolishing the diplomatic service and substituting a perfected consular service in its place has long been favorably considered in Democracy-loving minds. But it was not alone Democratic minds which favored the step. Luminous minds in the Republican ranks echoed the wish to see the great official Don Quixote unhorsed.

"Will the Democratic party see its opportunity and win lasting fame?"

ELECTION CHANGED IT ALL.

The Outlook at Fall River Not So Promising.

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 14.—The outlook for the manufacturers of this city has changed greatly since the advance of 7 per cent in wages was granted, some days ago. Middling cotton is selling at 9 1-8 cents per pound, an advance of 2 3-4 cents on the quotations of a short time since. Cloth has not advanced. Some stockholders in mills that proposed to make additions have expressed very adverse opinions since the elections. The directors of two, and probably three, mills will not sanction any additions to the already large plants. The owner of a large machine shop in this city has said to a prominent newspaper man that he will not build a large addition to his plant, which, three weeks ago, he proposed to build.

The products of several mills are well sold ahead to January, and some of them have fully sold their products until April at 3 3-4 cents. Some mills have cotton enough to last into August, but they are the exception. Most mills in the city are buying cotton, to be used from April onward, and their outlook, with the present wages, is not bright.

MR. POWDERLY WILL RETIRE.

If He is a Candidate He Will Be Beaten.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—It is more than probable that at the coming session of the general assembly of Knights of Labor T. V. Powderly will tender his resignation as grand master workman. The convention will assemble in St. Louis to-morrow. A New York telegram says the Knights of that locality are certain that such will be the case, and local members, while being unwilling to discuss the question, do not deny that Mr. Powderly may not be the future master workman.

There are a combination of causes for such a course on the part of Mr. Powderly, it is said, aside from his own, reasons that he is broken down in health. For several years there has been a growing movement antagonistic to him, and it is said to have reached a stage where it can defeat him, if he becomes a candidate. This movement has been almost confined to the West.

WILL EXCHANGE DEPARTMENTS.

Gen. Miles to be Transferred to the Atlantic.

Chicago, Nov 10.—There is a probability that Major General Nelson A. Miles, will within a few months exchange departments with Major General O. O. Howard, now commanding the department of the Atlantic. It is only rumor in army circles, and nothing can be learned about it officially.

Gen. Miles had just leased a house until next May, and it was said that he would not care for it after the lease expired. It is said that Gen. Miles is very willing to leave Chicago on account of the amount of criticism bestowed upon his management of the parades during the dedication of the World's Fair buildings.

Gen. Howard is now about to go aboard on leave of absence and nothing will be done in the matter until his return.

GEN. SHERMAN'S OLD RESIDENCE

Sold to a Glassman for One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 11.—In the life of Gen. Wm. T. Sherman he claimed St. Louis as his place of abode and for many years he resided in the old Sherman homestead on the northeast corner of Belle and Garrison avenues, which had been presented to him at the close of the war by a number of Union citizens, who purchased the property by a popular subscription to a fund for this purpose.

After Gen. Sherman's death his family closed up the house and established themselves permanently in the East. Yesterday F. A. Drew, the plate glass manufacturer, purchased the property for $150,000.

THE HOLMES COMET SEEN AGAIN

Easily Visible to the Naked Eye, on The Slope.

Lick Observatory, Cala., Nov. 10.—The comet discovered by Mr. Holmes on November 6 was observed here for position by Prof. Barnard on the night of November 8.—It is easily visible to the naked eye. It is about two degrees south of the nebulae of Andromeda. Its spectrum was observed both visually and photographically by Prof. Campbell. Both the nucleus and coma give a strong and continuous spectrum showing only a trace of the usual green band. This spectrum is thoroughly unique among the cometary spectrum.

WILL BE OPEN ON SUNDAY.

Important Action of the World's Fair Directors.

Chicago, Nov. 12.—At the regular meeting of the World's Fair directors, yesterday afternoon, a resolution was passed favoring the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, provided that the machinery be not run.

The directors declare that as all the nations of the earth have been invited to attend the Fair, it would be highly discourteous and inhospitable to inform them that they cannot do on Sunday what they would do were they at home.

Alexander Campbell's Widow.

Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 14.—The venerable widow of Bishop Alexander Campbell, the famous divine who founded the Disciples' church and the Bethany college, was 90 years old yesterday, and the anniversary was celebrated last night, the old lady being surrounded by many descendants, at the home of her son, Col. Alexander Campbell, late World's Fair commissioner to Australia. Mrs. Campbell is in vigorous bodily health, clear-minded and of buoyant spirits, and may live to see her hundredth birthday.

Indian Uprising.

Denver, Colo., Nov. 14.—Gov. Routt is in receipt of telegrams from Meeker, Colo., telling of an Indian invasion into the Colorado national park by White River Utes, who are said to be slaughtering game by the thousand and stealing all stray cattle. The band is composed of more than a hundred bucks and squaws, and the local authorities are powerless to interfere.

Senator Hill to be Married.

New York, November 14.—A morning paper says that Senator David B. Hill when he returns to Washington in December, will probably be a married man. The lady is stated to be Mrs. Pamela Iverson, of Atlanta, Ga. The paper says that the announcement of the engagement may be expected any day.

BRIGGS CASE IS POSTPONED.

The Defendant Pleads for Time to Make Up His Answer.

New York, Nov. 10.—The New York Presbytery, in compliance with the order of the General assembly, which convened in Portland, Oregon, last May, began yesterday afternoon a second trial of Prof. Charles Augustus Briggs, of Union Theological seminary, on the charge of heresy. The duty of this session is to pass upon the sufficiency of the charges against Dr. Briggs; to allow an amendment of the charges and to try the case as quickly as possible. This trial is preliminary. An appeal from its verdict may be brought to the Synod and thence to the General assembly.

Dr. Briggs has announced his purpose of adopting this course if convicted by his brethren here, and the prosecuting committee will probably do the same if an opposite verdict is rendered. The Rev. Dr. John C. Bliss, the moderator of the presbytery, will assist Dr. Briggs, who is going to conduct his own case.

The session of the presbytery opened at 2 o'clock, when Moderator Bliss said: "We are now to sit in judgment as a court of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Dr. Briggs immediately thereafter arose and called in question the right of the prosecuting committee. He gave a short history of the case, and presented his objections to the committee.

The objections were replied to by Col. John M. McCook, of the prosecuting committee. Dr. Briggs arose to answer his adversary, but was interrupted by the Rev. Dr. Robert Booth. He submitted that Dr. Briggs was out of order, as a stay of proceedings would be an act of disobedience to the General assembly.

After much argument the presiding officer decided that the point was well taken. On an appeal a division was ordered. The moderator was sustained by a vote of 73 to 58. The amended charges and specifications against Dr. Briggs make 36 pages of closely printed matter and are eight in number. In all of them specifications giving citations from an inaugural address delivered by Dr. Briggs and the passages of scripture with which they were antagonistic are appended.

After the reading of the charges, Dr. Briggs spoke. Owing to the large number of charges that had been made by the committee, he said that he would require ten days, allowed by the church law, for the preparation of his defense. An adjournment was then taken until November 28.

KID, THE APACHE RENEGADE.

The Military Are Hot After Him in Arizona.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The military are hot on the trail of "Kid," the notorious Apache renegade who has created such havoc among the other Indians on the White Mountain reservation, Arizona, and settlers in that vicinity, by his frequent murders and depredations. The war department has been advised through Gen. McCook, at Los Angeles, Cal., that Lieut. Bean had had a skirmish with 'Kid's' band on East Chiricahua mountain. He captured all their horses but had to fortify himself. Lieut. Hornbeck had been sent from Fort Bowie, Ariz., with reinforcements. Lieut. Bean has only fifteen men."

Gen. McCook further stated that all possible means are being taken to capture or destroy the renegades. The war district and the civil authorities sincerely hope that he will be successful. This desperado has led the troops and civil authorities of Western Arizona a merry chase during the past year. He is wanted, and wanted badly, for a long string of crimes he has committed during that period.

It was only a few days ago that he again became lonesome in his mountain retreat and reappeared on the White Mountain reservation, making another successful raid on the female members of the tribe. After such raids as these, Indian scouts were sent out after him. He knows every foot of the country and is thus enabled to elude his pursuers. Many efforts have been made to entrap the wily redskin. They have all failed.

Lt. Bean's detachment is the first to have discovered his whereabouts, and it is hoped by the military authorities there that, as it is said, aside from his own, reasons that he is broken down in health. For several years there has been a growing movement antagonistic to him, and it is said to have reached a stage where it can defeat him, if he becomes a candidate. This movement has been almost confined to the West.

DEATH OF GEORGE W. GEDDES.

The Well Known Ohioan Died at Mansfield Last Night.

Mansfield, O., Nov. 10.—(Special.)—Judge George W. Geddes, ex Congressman from the various districts in which Richland county has been, and who was elected to four consecutive terms in Congress, beginning in 1878, died at his home in this city yesterday afternoon, after a prolonged illness.

The deceased was born in Knox county in 1824, and located here in 1845 for the practice of law, and has resided here continuously since that time. He was elected Common Pleas judge in 1856, and served two terms. In 1868 he was again elected judge. In 1872 he was the Democratic nominee for Supreme Judge of Ohio. His entrance into Congressional politics was marked by his nomination as a compromise candidate in 1878, in the old Fifteenth Congressional district, after 1,857 ballots had been taken.

He was re-elected to the next three Congresses, his most signal success being in 1882, when he defeated Robert Roffin A. Hoge, of Logan county, in a strong Republican district. Since his retirement from Congress in 1886, he has practiced law in this city. The funeral will occur next Saturday at 2 o'clock.

MAN WAS THERE THAT TIME.

Remarkable Nerve of a Woman in Chicago.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—Mrs. Mary Cox, like many other women, always looks under the bed before she retires. Hereafter she will believe in this feminine ceremony more than ever, for last night she caught a real live man there and contrived his ignominious capture without uttering a single scream. Mrs. Cox retired to her room about 11 o'clock, and after removing her rings, watch and diamonds, proceeded to disrobe. Then she looked under the bed. Comfortably curled up beneath, she saw a man.

Mrs. Cox did not scream, but walked calmly out of the room, and going down stairs, left the house, quietly locking the door behind her, and then, without even a wrapper, ran to the drug store on the corner and telephoned for the patrol wagon. The wagon came in a hurry and reached the door at the same time as Mrs. Cox. The officers ran up stairs and found the man still curled up beneath the bed. He was pulled out too much surprised to attempt resistance. At the station he gave his name as Joseph Hart. The police claim to recognize a well-known sneak thief.

WON HER HAND ON A BET.

How a Cincinnati Girl Lost Herself to Her Lover.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 11.—Henry Rudolph, residing at Evanston, this state, has for several years sought the hand of Miss Lawrence, of the same place, but unsuccessfully. Just after the Chicago convention Miss Lawrence bet Rudolph that Cleveland would not win, the stakes being her hand.

Thursday night Rudolph came to this city to get the returns. He was the most anxious man in town. When it became known that Cleveland had been elected he was wild. Yesterday morning he returned to Evanston, brought Miss Lawrence to the city, and married her.

PECK IS FOUND NOT GUILTY.

No Need to Prosecute Him Now As Election is Past.

Albany, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Labor Commissioner Charles F. Peck and his stenographer, Elbert Rodgers, were successful for a second time to-day in another proceeding brought against them for destroying public records in the shape of tariff circulars on which the commissioner based his report, which was given to the public several weeks before election. In the court of sessions Judge Clute sustained the demurrer to the indictment found against Mr. Peck and Mr. Rodgers and discharged both gentlemen.

Delegates Appointed.

New Orleans, La. Nov 12.—Gov Foster recognizing the importance of the Nicaragua canal to this nation, and the necessity for its early completion, respectfully requests the governors of states and territories of the United States to appoint delegates to the Nicaragua Canal convention, which assembles at New Orleans on the 30th of November.

Riot at Homestead.

Homestead, Pa., Nov. 14.—A desperate riot occurred here yesterday between workmen. Bullets flew at a lively rate, and three persons were seriously hurt.

Truth says there is no foundation for the report that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York will visit the Chicago Exposition.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MILITARISM.

An Accursed Infliction on the German Nation—Is War Impending Between the Great Powers?

Frankfort, Nov. 11.—Finance is gradually getting the better of politics, and a decision between the two must be coming on apace. With a debt of four billion roubles, an unredeemed note issue of about an equal amount and a several years deficit of something like 500 million roubles also uncovered, Russians have again failed to raise the contemplated loan in France. Ardently as they may wish to play off Russia against Germany, the French decline to lend money to their ought-to-be ally in his straits. As the London and Berlin markets are likewise closed to them, it follows that the Russians have got to be pacific or else to play some desperate trick if they wish to try to make things square.

Though incomparably better off, Germany and France, to say nothing of Austria, Italy and the minor fry, are following in the wake of the tottering Czar. Nothing daunted by a deficit of 50,000,000 marks the German government proposes to add about 100,000 men to its standing army at an outlay of 100,000,000 marks a year. So formidable an increase being required to restore the military equilibrium between the triple and dual alliances. Germany, as Italy and Austria are losing breath, thinks herself obliged to bear the brunt of the day and do all alone what her friends are avowedly unable to take a hand in. A few figures will elucidate the strain put upon Germany in consequence.

The German Population.

The German population, notwithstanding an exodus of 200,000 a year, has increased 25 per cent within the last twenty years. Of the 25,000,000 males included in 51,000,000 inhabitants about 8,700,000 being between and 45 years of age, are liable to serve when called out. Under the new bill, rather more than 600,000 are to be kept constantly under arms, all able-bodied men being now for the first time placed in the ranks.

This will cause the cancellation of 160,000 exemptions hitherto annually granted for reasons of economy. If this is a fearful tax to bear in times of peace, the burden will be incomparably augmented in war, when, with an annual recruitment of 280,000 men liable to serve 24 years in line and reserve. The army, after allowing for deaths and invalids, must be estimated at about 6,000,000, or two-thirds of all able-bodied males in the prime of life. The present figure of 4,300,000 was considered the acme of military effort compatible with the continuance of civic life; the future total suggests no longer an army, but an armed nation, on the pattern of the ancient Teutonic tribes when on the warpath.

An Accursed Infliction.

What was natural enough two thousand years ago is the reverse in these modern times; what was a spontaneous effort on the part of primitive tribes, rejoicing in dealing and receiving death, is felt an accursed infliction upon a pacific race bent upon defense only and threatened by French vanity and Russian savagery.

Nevertheless, looking upon things from a purely arithmetical point of view and drawing inevitable conclusions therefrom, is is hardly to be wondered at that the leading military writers of Great Britain should just have combined to compile a volume on the chances of what they represent as "The Immediately Impending War."

FEW EUROPEAN INTERVIEWS.

On the Result of the Election Last Tuesday.

London, Nov. 12.—The Telegraph this morning publishes a number of interviews on the result of the American election with representatives of various trade interests of Great Britain. The president and secretary of the Sheffield chamber of commerce, and the heads of various firms in that city, are represented as being pleased at Mr. Cleveland's victory, but not sanguine of any immediate result in the way of tariff reform.

In one interview an ex-master cutler named Richardson, is quoted as saying he thinks if any tariff reduction is made, it will be of a selfish kind, and will only benefit America. A number of interviews had in Liverpool make it apparent that keen interest is evinced there in the result, and that it has been the chief topic of discussion in the cotton market, on the stock exchange and among the frequenters of other business centers of that city.

Various Opinions.

The opinions expressed are various. Liverpool ship owners especially, have suffered from the McKinley tariff law. In addition to the reduction of the exportation of woolens, other articles, like tin plate, formerly sent to Liverpool to be shipped by fast steamers, are now shipped more cheaply from Cardiff, and other ports nearer the center of production, the cost of railway transportation to Liverpool being thus avoided. In some quarters the hope is expressed that although the McKinley law can not be repealed, some temporary modification may be made in favor of English goods.

In the chemical trade, according to one interview, a revival of business is expected as a result of the Democratic victory. The cotton trade, it appears, has suffered less than some other interests, and its representatives are less excited by the news.

The Irish Jubilant.

A number of interviews represent the citizens of Belfast as jubilant over Mr. Cleveland's victory, and are talking of nothing else, the linen industry having suffered severely through the McKinley tariff. Sir Daniel Dixon, the mayor of the city, who is a ship owner, says he is rejoiced for the sake of Belfast, and that he anticipates improved trade both in her exports and in freight.

THE FRENCH PAPERS EXCITED.

Declare That Low U. S. Tariff Will Ruin Europe.

Paris, Nov. 14.—The French public is just beginning to grasp the significance of the result of the elections in the United States. The financial columns of the daily press and the financial organizations declare that the Democrats will give a new impetus to their trade and will bring additional activity in business throughout the world and add fresh fuel to the smouldering agitation.

The leading Swiss Revue warns Europe that if the Democrats lower the tariff in the United States America will become redoubtable unless Europe also adopts free trade.

High duties on American products, it says, will intensify the evil and completely ruin the

WASHINGTON.

FIGURING ON THE CABINET.

How the Prophets Are Sizing Up the Situation.

Washington, Nov. 11.—(Special.)—Speculations as to Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet are many, and at this early period the whole matter seems to be conjecture. Other leading Democrats affirm that the selections were made before the election. One of Mr. Cleveland's closest friends at the capital asserts that the following slate will not be far out of the way:

Secretary of State—Wm. C. Whitney, of New York.

Secretary of the Treasury—Charles S. Fairchild, of New York.

Secretary of the Navy—Clark Howell, of Georgia.

Secretary of War—William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin.

Secretary of the Interior—Isaac P. Gray, of Indiana.

Attorney General—Frank H. Hurd, of Ohio.

Postmaster General—Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan.

Secretary of Agriculture—Horace Boies, of Iowa.

For the Foreign Missions.

Ex-Secretary Bayard is mentioned for the court of St. James, and ex-Governor Campbell for the French mission. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, may go to Berlin, and James W. Scott, of Illinois, owner of the Chicago Herald, is booked for St. Petersburg.

There will be a thousand men for each place in the gift of Mr. Cleveland, and the new administration will have a hard road to travel.

Larry Neal's Chances.

Larry Neal has been mentioned for a place; but it is well known that the one ambition of the Chillicothe statesman is to become governor of Ohio, and he will be given a chance next year. In the event of his defeat, he will be taken care of.

As to the first postmaster generalship, no name has as yet been suggested, but whoever is selected will be a "spoils" Democrat. Mr. Cleveland is pledged not to conduct a mugwump administration this time, and Republicans will be fired from place just as rapidly as the Democratic axe can fall. There will be no observance of civil service this time. The party is too hungry.

The President's Plans.

The Evening Star said last night: "Plans for next spring are already being discussed by President Harrison and his family, looking toward the vacating of the executive mansion on March 4. There will probably be a general breaking up and separation of the family. The President will return to Indianapolis and make his home there for the future.

"It is probable that Mr. Russell Harrison and his wife will reside in Indianapolis also, making their home with Gen. Harrison. Mrs. McKee, with little Benjamin and little Mary, will go to Boston after March 4. Mr. McKee has established himself in business there and has built a house. Gen. Harrison may take them a visit in the spring. Dr. Scott, Mrs. Harrison's father, will live with the President. Mrs. Dimmick will remain in Washington with Lieut. and Mrs. Parker.

THE PRESIDENT VERY CALM.

Breakfasted Wednesday As If Nothing Had Happened.

Washington, Nov. 9.—The prevalence of the hail and snow storm this morning gave the White House, as well as the other buildings in the national capital, a rather dull and gloomy appearance during the early hours of the day. But beyond this atmospheric condition there was nothing unusual in the appearance of the Executive Mansion, inside or outside. The clerks came to their departments about 9 o'clock, a little later than usual, and found that the President had arisen at the usual time, and had breakfasted with his family an hour before their arrival. He then repaired to his office and devoted his attention to some official matters that had been left over from yesterday. These included several applications for the pardons of convicts.

Soon after disposing of this business the President received an official call from Secretary John W. Foster in matters relating to the international monetary conference. Throughout the day the President gave no indication whatever of disappointment or chagrin at the result of the election. He was undoubtedly the calmest person in the house, and observer his customary routine as though nothing unusual had occurred. As one of his friends expressed it: "If he is defeated he will lay down the cares of official life with the least personal regret, and seek the more congenial seclusion of private life with undisguised satisfaction."

POLICY, NOT THE PERSONNEL

Of the Administration, That Has Been Condemned.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Secretary of State Foster attributes the Republican defeat to the tariff issue. The party, he says, challenged the judgment of the country on the McKinley bill, and the verdict must be accepted as the will of the people that a different policy shall be adopted. Other questions entered somewhat into the contest, but not to such an extent as to materially affect the result. No would it have been different if other candidates had been selected or other leaders managed the campaign.

No administration ever went before the country with a cleaner record. It is the policy not the personnel of the administration that has been condemned. In this view of the matter, the secretary was gratified that Mr. Cleveland was likely to be sustained by a party majority in both branches of Congress, so that the new policy may have a fair trial..

A FEW PLUMS YET REMAIN

To be Distributed to the Faithful by President Harrison.

Washington, Nov. 11.—(Special.)—In the department of justice there will soon be a vacancy at the very head, Attorney General Miller having signified his intention of resigning, but it is not yet known whether this action will be taken so soon as to require the President to make a Cabinet appointment before the 4th of March.

The President will also have four vacancies on the bench to fill between now and the 4th of March. These are United States judgeships caused by the retirement of Judge Blodgett, of the Chicago district; by the resignation of Judge Montgomery, of the Supreme court of the District of Colorado by the retirement of Judge James, of the same court, on the 1st proximo, and by the resignation of Judge Dixon, of the Utah district.

These are life positions, and are really the most alluring prizes remaining within the gift of the administration. Col. Hepburn, who has just been elected to Congress from the eighth district of Iowa, will probably retain his present office as solicitor of the Treasury until March 4.

IS PREPARING THE MESSAGE.

It Will Undoubtedly be Short and Mostly a Review.

Washington, Nov. 12.—The President has begun the preparation of his annual message to Congress on the state of the country. The three weeks left to him for its consideration will undoubtedly prove more than enough for the purpose. It is extremely improbable that he will devote much space to the questions which have made up the policy of the present administration.

The message will therefore be shorter and less significant than usual, and will probably contain nothing beyond a review of the work of the administration during the past year, and a brief reiteration of the President's well-known views on the political issues of the day.

Lamar Not Well.

Washington, Nov. 14.—Mr. Justice Lamar of the United States Supreme court, has not been feeling very well the last two or three days, and yesterday he suffered a slight attack of nausea in the court room and had to be taken to his residence. He said last night he expects to be in his seat on the bench to-day.

Noble's Report.

Washington, Nov. 11.—Secretary Noble has returned to the city from his campaigning tour through Missouri, and as soon as he has disposed of his correspondence which accumulated during his absence, will take up his annual report, and complete it as soon as possible.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS

Strong Probability That One Will be Called.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The strong probability of an extra session of Congress immediately following the inauguration of the President-elect is a subject of general conversation in Washington to-day. A special session of the Senate is always called at the beginning of a new administration to confirm the members of the Cabinet and the new diplomatic representatives of the United States abroad.

But the present election having turned on questions of domestic policy, it is said to be obvious to experienced political leaders of all parties that an extra session of both Houses of Congress will almost inevitably result. Secretary of the Treasury Foster, among others, admits this. The country, he says, challenged the judgment of the Republicans on the McKinley bill, and the result must be accepted as the will of the people that a different policy shall be put into effect.

Ex-Secretary Bayard writes to a friend here to like effect, adding that the people will expect this to be done without unnecessary delay.

SHOULD BE AN EXTRA SESSION.

Senator Sherman Says Democrats Cannot Avoid It.

Washington, Nov. 11.—(Special.)—Senator John Sherman arrived here from his Ohio home yesterday, and the first thing he did was to have a long conference with the President regarding an extra session. He said to a correspondent:

"I do not see how Democrats can avoid an extra session of the 52d congress, unless they desire to provoke the charge of timidity. Preparations for revision of the tariff ought to be commenced by them as soon as they are in power if they propose to redeem their pledges, and besides if they postpone the job for thirteen months they may not be so well able to agree among themselves."

WILL CALL AN EXTRA SESSION.

The President Elect Must Have Time to Look Matters Over.

New York, Nov. 15.—A Democratic paper says it is permitted to announce athoritatively that it is the present determination of ex-President Cleveland not to call an extra session of Congress after his inauguration on March 4, next. It is further announced that in the estimation, at present, of Mr. Cleveland and his closest friends an extraordinary session would turn out to be a profitless proceeding.

His friends say that Mr. Cleveland must have time after his ingauuration to look over the ground. There is a natural objection also to the reassembling of Congress immediately after the inauguration on the ground that it would have more or less of an unsettling influence on the business of the country.

MEASURES AGAINST CHOLERA.

The Quarantine of Immigrants Will be Continued.

Washington, Nov. 10.—In view of the still lingering possibility of a fresh outbreak of cholera in European countries in the early spring, and the consequent danger of its introduction into the United States, the officials of the Treasury department have determined to maintain the utmost vigilance in guarding our ports against the entrance of people or merchandise that might possibly convey the germs of the dreaded epidemic. To this end immigration will be generally discouraged, and the provision of the President's proclamation of September 1, imposing a quarantine of 20 days on all suspected immigrants, will be vigorously enforced.

The transportation companies have been given to understand this policy of the department. Therefore, in bringing immigrants to the United States they will take the risk of 20 days' delay at our ports. The department reserves the right to remove this restriction in special cases calling for such action. According to the official construction, aliens who come to this country for permanent residence are immigrants, and will be treated as such, regardless of whether they travel in cabin or steerage. The admission of those will be restricted as far as possible, but bona fide tourists or others simply visiting or passing through the country, and allied citizens of the United States, native or naturalized, will be allowed to land without delay or hindrance of any kind. The prohibition of immigrants applies only to such as were not booked at the port of departure prior to the date of the President's proclamation.

BACK TO HIS LAW PRACTICE

Will President Harrison Go After the 4th of March.

Washington, Nov. 10.—(Special.)—"Ben. Harrison, attorney and counselor at law," is the way the sign on the door of President Harrison's office at Indianapolis will read after March 4, for he has already decided to go at once after that date to his home and resume the practice of law.

Even Democrats are forced to admit that the President will take with him into an honorable retirement, the respect, good will and sympathy of the American people. His callers yesterday failed to detect either in his tone, words or looks, the slightest trace of disappointment. His greatest regret seems to be that his home county was not carried for him.

SHERMAN WILL NOT RESIGN.

He May Write a Book, But Will Serve Out His Term.

Washington, Nov. 14.—eSnator Sherman says that all rumors concerning his intended resignation are the merest sort of twaddle. He will serve out his term if he lives.

When asked if he intended writing a book, he replied that such a thing was possible.

The Naval Squadron.

Washington, Nov. 12.—The three naval, the Baltimore, Charleston and San Francisco, with Admiral Gherardi in command, now on their way from San Francisco to New York, have reached Panama, and will leave at once for Callao, Peru, where they will be joined by the Yorktown, which has sailed from Acapulco for that port. The four vessels will then proceed slowly down the South American coast, visiting the principal seacoast cities, and exchanging the usual naval courtesies between foreign countries.

False Information.

Washington, Nov. 14.—The Post published an article to the effect that Ivan Petroff, a special agent of the State department, and formerly in the Census office, has been detected in the act of furnishing false information to the government in relation to the seal industry of Alaska, which has been embodied in the preparation of the Bering Sea case for administration.

Costa Rica's Decree.

Washington, Nov. 11.—The bureau of the American republics has been officially informed that the government of Costa Rica has issued a decree allowing indian corn, rice, and beans to be imported free from duty, and free from wharfage dues also, through any port of the republic. But this exemption shall cease to exist on the 31st of Dec 1892.

Smokeless Powder Obtained.

Washington, Nov. 10.—The annual report of the naval ordnance bureau, soon to be made public, will show that a satisfactory grade of smokeless powder for all guns up to six-inch calibre, and a high explosive—emmensite—of American invention and production, have been obtained.

VERY NEAR TO FREE TRADE.

The Third Party Will Support a Measure of That Sort.

Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 14.—L. H. Loucks, of Huron, S. D., president of the National Farmers' alliance, is here to attend the annual meeting of the order in this city to-morrow. In an interview Mr. Loucks said that the coming meeting of the National Alliance would have a small attendance compared with former gatherings. This is due to the fact that the last annual meeting at Indianapolis reduced the representation to two from each state and territory except in those states having a membership of more than 20,000.

"In the event of the Populists holding the balance of power in the United States Senate, how will they vote on tariff measures?" was asked.

"They will support a measure looking to the reduction of the tariff. The third party is nearer free trade than the Democratic party."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE

AT BRUSSELS.

American Delegation—Allison Heads It—Dr. Soetbeer's Plan—All Shades of Views are Represented—Foster's Opinion.

New York, Nov. 14.—The financial telescopes of the world will be leveled at the Belgian capital this week, and yet Brussels has witnessed more exciting episodes than the quiet gathering which is to be termed the international monetary conference. Great men from all nations will be there, but it concerns the United States most of all, for the initial steps resulting in the international deliberations were taken by this government. The move shelved a vexed question just before a Presidential campaign, and it will now be seen how international action will change the problem.

American Delegation.

The American delegation consists of ex-Comptroller Henry W. Cannon, Senator William B. Allison, of Iowa; Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada; President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown university; Congressman McCreary, of Kentucky, and Edward O. Leech, director of the mint.

Edward Owen Leech, director of the mint, and one of the American delegates to the international monetary conference at Brussels, was born in Washington, D. C., December 9, 1850. At the date of his appointment he was 38 years

HENRY W. CANNON.

of age, the youngest director who has yet served. He was educated at the Everett Institute, at Washington, and afterwards graduated from the Columbian University, in 1869.

Senator John Jones, of Gold Hill, Nevada, was born in England in 1830. He has been a Westerner since he was a year old, however, and therefore possesses an American claim to his seat in the United States Senate. Mr. Jones was first elected to the office in 1873. Snce then he has been continuously re-elected, and his new term will not expire until March 3, 1897.

All Views Represented.

"The delegates," said Mr. Cannon before he left for Europe, "certainly represent all the views of Americans on the subject of coinage, and as it would be inadvisable to present all these sentiments we have practically decided upon a compromise. I believe that there is not enough gold to enable us to do without silver, but am strongly opposed to free coinage. Senator Allison takes a middle view on the question. Senator Jones is confessedly a radical free-coinage man. Dr. Andrews has written an interesting volume on "The Gold Dollar," and his views are almost radically against free silver. Director Leech believes that there is too much silver in the market, and Congressman McCreary is inclined to side with Senator Jones, although by no means as radical on the subject. We have had no conference as yet, but each has had a talk with Secretary Foster, and our duties have been clearly defined.

"We have authority simply to discuss and to propose, but no power for final action. I doubt if any of the delegates from other countries will have plenipotentiary authority. The deliberations will in all likelihood be conducted in the English language. The American delegates will argue for bimetallism, and it is likely that our most bitter opponents will be the English delegation, who, I understand, believe that we are making a grievous error in purchasing 4,500,000 ounces of silver a month. They think that to stop coining this great mass of silver dollars monthly would drive more bullion abroad, and in that way favorably affect the silver market.

"No proposition looking to an endorsement of free coinage of silver will probably be submitted by any of the American representatives. Senator Jones was in Washington at the time I conferred with the secretaries, and I feel sure that he will agree on the 'bimetallism' compromise measure which we will urge for adoption by the conference.

The Make-Up of the Conference.

The delegates from other countries, as far as announced, are as fallows:

Great Britain—Sir William H. Houldsworth, M. P. for Northwest Manchester; Mr. Bertram Curne, partner in the bank of Messrs. Glynn, Mills, Curne & Co.; the Hon. Sir Charles Freemantle, K. C. B., deputy governor of the mint.

Government of India—Gen. Richard Strachey, G. P. S., formerly member of the Indian council; Sir Guilford L. Molesworth, K. C. I. E.

France—Mr. Tirard, formerly minister of finance and president of council; Mr. L. de Liron, high official in the department of finance; Mr. de Faville, high official in the department of finance.

Switzerland—Messrs. Cramer, Frey and Lardy, minister at Paris.

Italy—Mr. Luigi Luzzatti, Mr. Ramere Semonelli and Mr. Domenico Zeppa, all members of the late parliament, Italy.

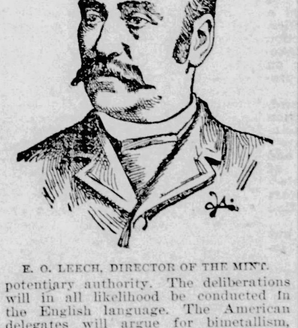
Sweden—The Hon. Fersell, ex-minister of finance.

Denmark—Mr. C. F. Tretgen.

Mr. Cannon and Mr. Leech are both of the opinion that one of the strongest plans to be submitted to the conference

SENATOR J. P. JONES.

will be that of Dr. A. Soetbeer, a financier of note. It is much on the plan of the proposition submitted by Maurice Levy, the Danish delegate, to the international conference of 1881, that silver be substituted for gold in payments not exceeding two pounds sterling, and that silver notes be issued to obviate the necessity of carrying about so much silver. Dr. Soetbeer has modified the old proposition considerably, and believes it will be certain to meet with favor before the conference. Summarized, his plan is as follows:



E. O. LEECH, DIRECTOR OF THE MINT.

Dr. Soetbeer's Plan.

1. Recognition of some definite weight of fine gold as the universal foundation of the measure of value of the monetary system.

2. Maintenance of the existing gold monetary systems of the various countries; cessation by them of the further coinage and issue of gold coins under 5.8065 grams of fine gold (20 franc piece); obligations of such countries to retire their smaller gold coins within the next ten years.

3. Uniform gold coinage charges of 2 per 1,000.

4. Issue of gold certificates for gold deposited, by the principal mints or central banks, for amounts of 500 grams of fine gold or multiples of that amount. Agreement on a uniform mode of assaying.

5. Retirement within the next ten years of all bank notes hitherto issued

SENATOR W. B. ALLISON.

in the country, and of all other paper money of a value under 5.8065 grams of fine gold, and refusal to issue any longer either bank notes or other paper money under said value in gold.

6. Retirement of existing silver coins of a higher nominal value than 10 per cent of the value of the lowest future standard gold coin, within the next fifteen years, and hereafter exclusive coinage of the principal coins in the value ratio of silver to gold 20 to 1. Coinage of the same only on account of the government.

7. Obligation of the government of each country to receive into its public treasuries the principal silver coins bearing their own stamp in payment of all sums.

8. Obligation of private individuals and moneyed institutions to accept the principal silver coins of the country in payment to an amount equal to three times the value of the lowest standard gold coin.

9. Issue of silver certificates by the principal mints or central banks against the deposit of the full value of the face thereof in the principal silver coins in denominations not lower than one-half of the value of the lowest standard gold coin and also in multiples of that amount. The immediate specie redemption of the silver coins on demand and at all times at the places of issue.

10. No issue of credit notes payable in silver only.

11. Liberty of each state to recede from this monetary treaty after twelve months' notice.

12. Obligations of the several governments to inform each other at the close of each calendar year of all laws, regulations and proclamations issued respecting the monetary system.

A talk was had with a New York financier on England's real attitude to the conference, and he believed that the interests of India were, in many respects like those of America, and that this fact would alone suffice to alter its obstinacy on the side of monometalism.

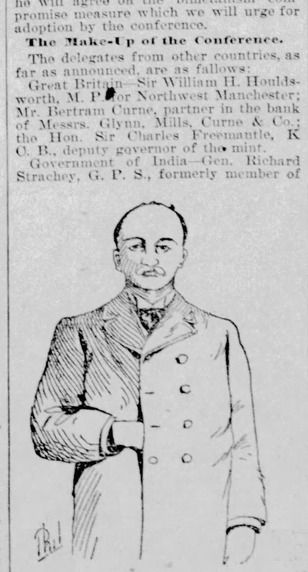
Secretary Foster, however, is extremely hopeful of decisive results, but others who have scanned closely the European papers appreciate the fact that there is a tremendous body of hostile feeling to overcome among the leading countries of Europe before any treaty can be agreed upon providing for the larger use of silver. The fluctuations in feeling in Europe are not so easy of measurement. Whether the manifest opposition to bimetallism is on the point of giving way is something the American delegates will find out when they reach Europe. On the whole it is safe to say that Dr. Soetbeer's plan for the new ratio of 1 to 20 may, after all, be the entering wedge that will lead to an international "bimetallism" agreement.

ARE CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.

Chinamen Coming Over in Great Numbers.

New Orleans, Nov. 14.—The Times-Democrat's San Antonio special says: It is claimed by the federal authorities along the Rio Grande border that large numbers of Chinamen are crossing the river from Mexico into the United States each week, and that the customs officials are unable to prevent this wholesale violation of the exclusion act owing to a lack of river guards. A great many of these Chinamen are brought from the City of Mexico and the southern states of the republic by persons who make a business of smuggling them across the river at so much per head.

A party of eighteen Chinamen arrived yesterday at Nuevolarede, from an interior point in Mexico. They intended to cross into the United States, but learned that they were being watched by customs officers, and so have not yet made the attempt.



CONGRESSMAN M'CREARY.

A New Loco-Motor.

London, Nov. 14.—The Times, Vienna correspondent, says: At a recent meeting of the Society of Engineers, Herr Koster describes his invention of an electric railway, calling into use a locomotor which will travel 123 miles an hour. The building of a railway of this description is projected to be built along the banks of the Danube, from Vienna to Budapest. Each carriage will be provided with a motor, and will be designed to carry forty persons.

A BREWER TO THE SENATE.

Such Will be the Spectacle If Murphy Goes There.

New York, Nov. 15.—Edward Murphy, jr., the Democratic boss of Troy, will, it is now understood, succeed Frank Hiscock as Senator of the United States from the commonwealth of New York. Hiscock lives at Syracuse. He is a very pretty man, not handsome, but beautiful. He is tall and slender and has long, wavy hair and a languor that is quite Oriental. Hiscock will be missed, there is no doubt of that. Murphy is a rich brewer, and his very red face and very white hair and mustache suggest a beacon fire in a snow bank.

He has ruled in Troy for a long time, coming forward from among his fellows when Tilden was the leader of the New York Democracy. Murphy's father made beer and also a fortune. The younger Murphy was sent to school and now we hear the boast that he was college bred. A citizen in Albany remarked to me not long ago that Murphy was a warm-hearted man, but that Croker had no heart at all. When Murphy turned away from beer to politics Troy was a Republican city. He got together an organization and began to spend money.

His circle of activity and endeavor was small at the beginning. His assistants were as shrewd as he was willing. Before a great while he became a member of the fire board, and not long thereafter the mayor of the city. The offices within his gift and pleasure were distributed wisely. Democrats got them all. If a Democrat imagined that he had been overlooked Murphy called him in and talked kindly to him and reasoned with him. The Democratic line was, consequently, solid and strong all the time.

THE SPRINGER WOOL BILL.

Its Passage Would Destroy Nearly All Manufactories.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15.—James Dobson, an extensive manufacturer of carpets, has the following to say regarding the passage by the present Congress of the Springer wool bill: "The passing of this bill now would simply mean the total destruction of about two-thirds of all the woolen manufactories in the United States, for the very reason that most of the manufacturers of next fall's goods, of heavy weights, as the latter is called, will be showing their goods for orders next month, and if there was to prevail any idea of the adoption of such measures it would stop the merchants from buying. All merchants now stocked would have to regulate their business with new prices, and there is such a very large number who carry heavy stock that they would become insolvent. It would thus create an unnecessary panic, and ought not to be attempted at this time.

"Now as to free wool, speaking as a manufacturer, I may say that with ample protection on the manufactured article and regulating wages at home and abroad, I can't see that it would have any effect upon the manufacturer. As regards the result of the election, I think its effects will be serious. Manufacturers will make no fabric until they have absolute orders. The season before us will be a hard one, and a great deal of suffering is likely to be entailed thereby. A great many people will, I fear, be thrown out of employment."

IMMIGRATION WILL CEASE.

No More Steerage Passengers to be Brought to This Country.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Immigration is to be stopped. It has been so decided by the President, and Secretary Foster is preparing an order prohibiting all steamship companies from bringing immigrants to this country as steerage passengers. This order will discriminate against the poor and indigent.

Dr. Gravis, the agent of several of the great ocean lines, says: "Our companies are anxious as the general government to prevent cholera from getting into this country. The only way to do this is to prohibit steerage passengers from coming to America. Cholera breeds among the poor because they have not facilities for cleanliness. It is discrimination against the poor, but poverty is something which we can not help. I would like to go to the theater and hire a box, but I why be too poor and hence must go into the peanut gallery or stay away. People may want to come to America, but if they can not pay first-class passage they must stay away. That is all there is in it. We can not keep cholera out of this country any other way than by this forthcoming order."

WILL NOT ABIDE BY IT.

A Pennsylvania Lover Goes Back on An Election Bet.

Hazelton, Pa., Nov. 12.—T. McGraw, a Democrat, and Wm Koons, a Republican, courted the same country lass, Hattie Bailey, who seemed to look with equal favor upon both. The two swains hopeful expectations of another, and even conceding that the final outcome of the great change may prove as beneficial as its promotors predict, it is not to be concealed that the test would probably be severe for the next eighteen months or two years. Is unusual caution in every branch of business, the deferment of new enterprises, the cessation of extending industrial plants, a continuous pressure on prices and a hand-to-hand condition of business.

The silver market in New York showed a declining tendency, due to increasing supplies and to the absence of any Eastern demand. The New York market was relatively weaker than the London parity for bars. The market closed in New York at 85 cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of silver in the standard dollar is worth 65.7 cents.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Nov. 15, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 15.	Nov. 8.
U. S. 4's coupons	114½	114¾
U. S. 4's registered	114½	114¾
U. S. 2's registered	100¼	100½
Pacific 6's '95	107½	107½

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat this forenoon were lower. The bulls were discouraged by the visible supply, the increase on passage, Northwestern receipts and weak cables. Wheat on passage increased 1,208,000 bushels. Corn decreased 280,000 bushels. Liverpool wheat futures were dull and 1-2d lower. Paris wheat and flour quiet. The weather being good for a liberal movement for corn. Prices were off a fraction.

At Chicago December wheat opened at 72 7-8c, fell to 72 1-4c, then went to 72 2-8c, 7-8c decline. At Toledo it opened at 73 3-4c, and fell to 73 5-8c, 3-4c decline; and at St. Louis it opened at 68 5-8c, fell to 68 3-8c, rose to 68 5-8c, then eased to 68 1-2c, 1-4c lower.

Corn for December delivery opened at Chicago at 41 1-8c, rose to 41 1-4c, then fell to 41 1-8c, 1-2c depressed.

Close To-day.

The markets for wheat at all points this afternoon were lower, closing steady. There was nothing in the situation to warrant active business. In corn the trade was light, and prices were on a lower basis.

At Chicago December wheat was off 7-8c from top figures, at 72½ bid; at Toledo it was 1-4c lower, at 73 1-2c; at New York it was down 1-2c from best figures, at 76 1-8c bid, and at St. Louis it was 3-8c below highest point, at 68 1-4c.

Corn for December delivery was 1-4c under top price at Chicago, at 41c bid.

The exports of flour and wheat from the United States during October were equal to 20,137,020 bu., against 10,610,046 bu. for the corresponding month in 1891. The aggregate exports for the past four months were 71,356,896 bu., against 85,371,642 bu. for corresponding time in 1891.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 40,000 bu., of which 40,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and none to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 620,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 were 24,680,000 bu., of which 15,220,000 were to the United Kingdom and 9,460,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 38,760,000 bu., of which 17,360,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 21,400,000 bu. to the Continent.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Winter wheat, cars, 160; grade, 12; spring wheat, 183; grade, 43; corn, 323; grade, 175; oats, 248; grade, 32.

Chicago Tips.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—(Special from Kennett, Hopkins & Co.)—Wheat—Larger receipts than anticipated, easier cables and a heavy increase on ocean passage, with fine weather and unusually small exports combined to depress values. The opening was decidedly weak, but on the soft spots thereafter the buying was better than the selling. The decreasing receipts at primary markets will be closely watched and the big visible will be lost sight of to some extent when it becomes evident that supplies have reached their minimum and the heavy export movement will cut into them sharply. It is a time for conservative traders to begin purchases, but be prepared to take more on a scale downward.

Corn and oats—Weaker in sympathy with wheat, but the demand on soft spots has been good. The local clique, which owns most of the cash corn, or expects to own it, when deliveries are made, may make a successful deal or not on their long stuff, but as a hedge they are short on December, and when they come several millions for that month it is partly probable that the spread between May and December will be 5 1-4c, as it has been to-day.

Provisions advanced sharply at the outset, but did not hold all the advance. The big holders sustained the market in the face of general weakness and lower hog market. Product looks like a sale on sharp bulges.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

The market for wheat was dull, there being no point on which the dealers could take hold for a rise. Prices were off. Corn dull, steady. Clover seed, but little doing, at a decline.

December wheat, 73 3-4@73 5-8c, less price last paid, 3-4c lower than yesterday; May wheat, 79 7-8c and afterward 79 5-8c, 1-2c down.

Clover seed—Prime, cash and November, $7.70; February, $7.85; March, $7.90.

C. A. King & Co.'s report of spot prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 72c; white wheat, 69c; corn, 43c; oats, 33@35c; rye, 51c.

There was a pretty fair trade in May wheat this afternoon, but for other futures and cash there was little done. Prices closed lower, steady. Corn was dull, and without change. Clover seed dull.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 72 3-4c, then 73 1-4c, 1-4c below yesterday's close; No. 3 soft red, 66c; No. 4 soft red, 54c; No. 2 white wheat, 73 3-4c; No. 3 soft red, 65 3-4c.

December wheat, 73 3-4c, then 73 1-2c, 7-8c under yesterday's price; May wheat, 79 7-8c, and finally 79 1-2c, 7-8c decline.

Prices of November and December wheat to-day:

Nov.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	.....	.....	.....	72¾n
Chicago	.....	.....	.....	71
St. Louis	67	67¼	67	67¼
December—				
Toledo	73¾	73¾	73½	73½
Chicago	72¾	72¾	72b	72b
New York	76¼	76¾	76⅛b	76⅛b
St. Louis	68⅜	68⅜	68¼	68¼

Corn—No. 2, 43 1-2c; No. 3, 42 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 35c.

Rye—No. 2, 54c; No. 3, 48 1-2c.

Clover seed—Prime cash and November, $7.70; December, $7.75, 10c decline; January, $7.80, 20c lower; March, $7.75, 20c down.

Toledo Produce Market.

There was a good trade in farm and garden products this morning. The display was sufficient to supply the wants of purchasers with little stock left over. Butter was firm at quotations. Eggs sell readily for fresh. Cheese, steady demand. Vegetables of best quality meet with free purchasers. Fruits in demand at best prices. Fresh meats in stock sufficient for demand. Salt meats steady. Hides dull.

Butter—Creamery, 29@30c; dairy, 23@25c; fair quality, 16@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 22@22½c.

Poultry and game—Turkeys, dressed, 11@12c; chickens, dressed, 9@10c; ducks, dressed, 9c; quail, doz, $1.25; ruffed grouse, each, 25c.

Vegetables—Celery, bunch, 30c; onions, bu, 100@$1; endive, doz bunches, 20c; radishes, doz, 20c; squashes, doz, 15c@$1.50; lettuce, lb, 5@6c; potatoes, bu, 75c; cabbages, doz, 50c@60c; parsnips, bu, 50c; carrots, bu, 40c; turnips, bu, 25@30c.

Fruits—Apples, bu, winter hand picked, $1@1.10; pears, bu, $1.75; quinces, bu, $1.50.

Dressed meats—Lambs, lb, 7c; mutton, lb, 6c; beef, lb, 3@6½c; dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.50; calves, lb, 6½c.

Salt meats—Hams, sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, 13c; 15 lbs average, 13½c; 12 lbs and under, 14c; shoulders, lb, 10c; breakfast bacon, lb, 10c; clear, 12c.

Lard—Pieces and bbls, per lb, 9c; half bbls, 9½c; 50-lb tins, 9½c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb, 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, 3½c; Cured hides—Heavy steers, per lb, 6½c; light hides, 4½@4½c.

Wool—Unwashed, lb, 16@18c; washed, lb, 25@26c.

Hay—Timothy, in bulk, per ton, $10@11; mixed hay, $7@9.

British Grain Trade.

(Grain in England is sold by the "quarter" of 480 lbs., or 8 American bushels. Prices below are per quarter. A shilling is about 25c; a penny, 2c.)

London, Nov. 14.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says English wheat is 5d lower. Foreign wheats are down 6d, owing to increased shipments from Russia. Barley has advanced to 31s 4d. Oats sell for 19s 1d. Corn is cheaper. At to-day's market business was restricted. Best English wheat was firm. The inferior sorts were neglected. American wheats were firm. Other foreign wheats were cheaper. Flour was down 6d. Ordinary barley was 1s lower. Oats were cheaper. Corn declined 6d.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Noon—Money is steady at 5@6 per cent. Sterling exchange is higher at $4.84½ for 60-day bills, and $4.86¼ for demand; posted rates, $4.85@4.87½; commercial bills, $4.83@4.86. The sub-treasury was debtor at the clearing house to-day, $1,260,845. The official report of the Mercantile Safe Deposit Co., to the Stock Exchange, shows: Silver bullion on hand, 1,589,564 ounces; deposited none; withdrawn, 12,080 ounces; certificates outstanding, 1,588. Bar silver, 84¾. Government bonds have been steady. States bonds have been dull. Railroads for 11 o'clock have been less active; the market in tone has been firmer. Market at mid-day was tolerably firm. The sales of stocks up to noon to-day were: Listed, 149,638 shares; unlisted, 17,703 shares.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.	43¾	45	43¾	45
A. T.	38	38⅝	37⅞	38⅝
A. S. R.	107	108⅜	107½	108⅜
C. S.	57	57½	57¼	57½
C. G. T.	97⅜	97⅜	96	97½
C. B. Q.	102¾	103	102⅜	103
C. C. C.	63	.....	.....	63
D. L. W.	152	152½	151¼	152¾
Erie	26¼	26⅝	26⅛	26⅝
H. V.	28½	28½	28⅛	28⅜
J. C.	126	.....	.....	126½
L. N.	70	71¼	70	71¼
Lead	44	44¾	43⅝	44¾
Lead pfd.	93	.....	.....	93
M. P.	60¼	60⅝	60	60⅝
N. A.	12	.....	.....	12⅝
N. E.	45⅜	45	43⅝	45
N. Y.	116¾	.....	.....	116⅝
N. P. pfd	50⅝	51¼	50⅜	51⅛
N. W.	115⅝	116	115⅝	116
O. C.	134	134	134	134⅝
O. M.	50⅝	51	50½	51
P. M.	30⅜	31	30⅜	31
R. T.	9¾	9⅝	9¼	9⅝
R. G.	55½	56	55	56
R. I.	82¾	83	82¾	82¾
Silver	84⅜	.....	.....	84⅜
St. Paul.	80⅜	80⅜	80¼	80⅜
T. C. I.	26½	26½	25⅞	26½
Tex. P.	9¾	9⅝	9½	9⅝
U. P.	50¾	50⅝	50⅜	50⅝
W. P.	26	26¼	26	26¼
W. U.	86⅜	86⅝	86¼	86⅜
D. C. F.	65¾	65¾	64¾	64¾
Gen. Elec.	113⅜	114	112¾	112⅞

Trade.

Business has been well sustained during the past week. In the pig iron trade, the demand has improved. Dry goods have moved well. Hides and leather dull.

Grain and Produce.

Milwaukee, Nov. 15.—Barley quiet; November, 99c; sample, 81@83c. Rye dull; No. 1, 50½c.

Buffalo, Nov. 15.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, 82½c; No. 1 Northern, 77½c; No. 2 red, 75½c. Corn—No. 2, 48½c.

Cincinnati, Nov. 15.—Flour is steady. Wheat easier at 72@73c. Corn firm at 44½@45c. Oats stronger at 35c. Rye quiet at 53c. Provisions firm. Whisky active; sales, 1,098 bbls.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 15.—Markets closed lower than yesterday. Wheat—No. 2 red, cash, 72½c; December, 73¼c; May, 79¼c; No. 3 red, 65½c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, 37c; No. 2 mixed, 32½c. Rye—No. 2 cash, 54c. Clover seed, $7.70.

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—Wheat lower; cash, 67¼c; November, 67c; December, 68¾@68⅝c; January, 70c; May, 75¼c. Corn is l